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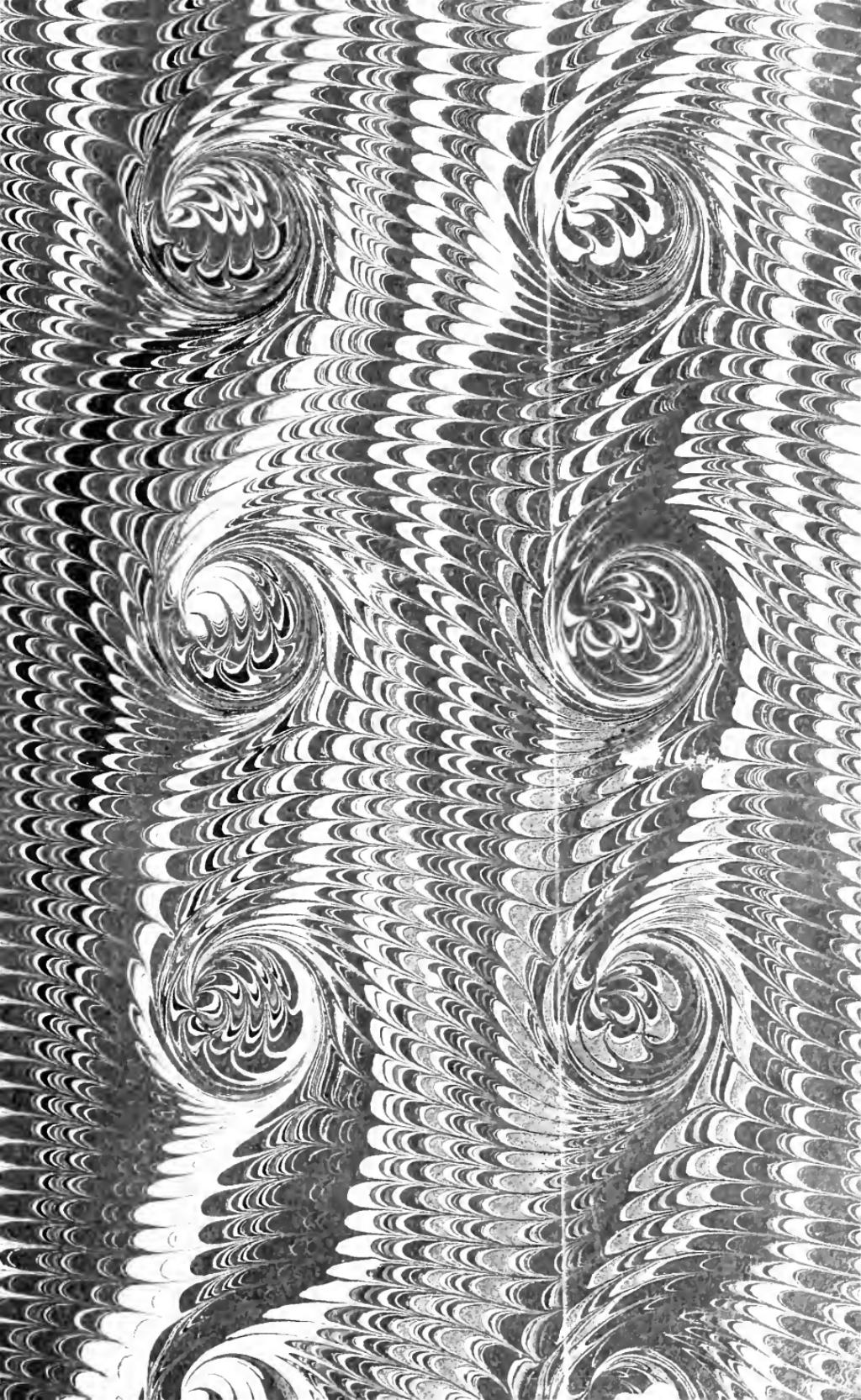
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HAELVIAH

OR,

Britans Second Remembrancer,

(1641.)

BY

GEORGE WITHER.

WITH A HISTORY OF THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

PARTS II. and III.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY

1879.



PRINTED BY CHARLES L. SIMMS,
MANCHESTER

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HAELVIAH or, *BRITAIN'S* second REMEMBRANCER. The second Part, consisting of *Hymns* Temporary. The Authors *Pro-telation, Petition, and Charge* concerning these *Temporary-Hymns*. The third Part, containing *Hymns* Personall.

(*Leiendas*, p. 2966 : *Hazlitt*, Wither, No. 21.)

HALELVIAH

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The second Part, consisting
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The Authors *Protestation, Petition,*
and *Charge* concerning these
Temporary-Hymns.



Orasmuch as things wel intended, and good in their own Nature, may be wilfully perverted, or misunderstood : And, because the great Enemie of *Devotion*, hath from some of these *Hymns* (heretofore published) taken occasion, to make them unserviceable to others, and mischievous to me, yea, and so prevailed, that men

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contrary in opinion to each other, have joyned in converting that into a means of my Temporall undoing ; which I prepared for the Spirituall profit of others) I do hereby protest, that I neither approve, nor desire to cherish the obseruation of *Iewiſh, Popiſh, or of any other Superſtitious Dayes, Times, or ſeafons.* But, from the *Dayes and Times*, which in our *Church* and *Common-wealtheſt*, are warrantably and piouſly obſerved, for the furtherance of our *Sanctification* (or for the better, and oſtner, *Commemoration of Gods mer- cies;*) And from thofe *Daies, and Times* alſo, whereof generall notice is yearly ta- ken for *civill* ends, and purpoſes ; I have rather fought and found Opportunities, to root out *Superſtition* ; and to bring to *Re- membrance M E R C I E S and B E N E- F I T S* (past, preſent, and in hope) which ought to be more thankfuſly conſidered.

Our Obſervation of *Daies, Times, and ſeafons* in this *Church*, is neither *Iewiſh* nor *Popiſh*. And I unfainedly beleeve that

if

if these Times of *Commemoration* had not been ordained, fewer, by many Thousands, had heard of those *Mercies, Benefits, and Mysteries*, which we *Commemorate*: And, *perhaps*, if these *Anniversaries* were neglected, many would quite forget them; and the following Generations, become ignorant of them altogether.

For, our Christian *Festivals*, and other *Observable Times*, do give unto us, occasion to tell; and unto our *Children* the like Occasion to *Aske* why such *Times* are observed: And this was the prime *Intent*, and right use, as well of those *Iewish Festivals*, which were observed by *Divine Right*; as of the *Daies of PVRIM*, and of such other as were Ordained by *Civil Constitution*. And I am undoubtingly perswaded, that the *Moralitie*, of those *Observations* continues, though their ceremoniall part be abrogated, yea I beleeve they are so *exemplary* to us; that we are obliged by their Example to take all pertinent, and Convenient Occasions, (from

L 5. Daies,

Daies, Times, and every other good Opportunitie) to commemorate GODS Mercies and improve our own Pietie.

I beseech my Readers, therefore, (by the Band of Christian Charitie) that these *Meditations* may not be made unprofitable unto them by their prejudicating, or suspecting my Intentions, or the consequences of these *Temporary Hymns*, to be, in any degree, guilty of promoting *Superstitious Observations*. And I charge them by the Feare of GOD, and as they will answer it before his *Judgement-Seat*, that they make not these *Meditations* unserviceable to others, by begetting, (through unjust Censures) doubts, or scruples in weake, and Devout Christians, without Cause.

GEORGE WITHER.

H Y M N

HYMN I.

For the Day-prefent, or the Last-Day.

The last shall be first, and the first shall be last. For as the Day-prefent, is the first of those that are to come; So it is the last of those which are past; and, may be to us, the last Day of all. We have therefore, made it an occasion to remember us of that Last-Day, which no man shall escape.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

SO much who knows, that he can say
His *Last*, this Minute, shall not be?
Or, who can tell, but that this Day,
Will be the last, his Eye shall see?

And, therefore, how far off foe're,
The Worlds *Last-day* from us we place,
The morrow next, it will appear,
To him, that hath fulfill'd his Race.

And *Sorrows CHANGES* he shall Ring;
Or *Joyes*, blest *HALELVIAH*, sing.
2 How dull, how blind, how mad! therefore,
Are we who now this Day enjoy,
(And, are not sure of one day more)
If we, this time, shall misemploy?

If we *GOD'S Voice* refuse to hear,
Now, Vs he calls on, to repent:
Anon, perhaps, we shall with fear,
Beyond the sounds of *Grace*, be sent.

To

To be confin'd, where *damned-Soules*,
And *Sathan*, rages, Roares, and Howles.

3 If Daily, we in Sin waxe old ;
And ev'ry day grow more to blame ;
Our *Judge* how shall we then behold,
When Heaven and Earth, are in a Flame ?

And, if our hearts, no pleasure takes,
To heare him, when in *Pace* he comes,
How shall we beare it, when he speaks,
In wrath, our everlasting-Doomes.

And, faies, in his inflamed Ire,
Depart into unquenched Fire ?

4 L O R D, whilst this *Day of Grace*, doth shine ;
Whilst thou dost speak to us, in Love,
So let us mark each *Word* of thine,
That, Faithfull *Hearers*, we may prove.

So let us walk ; so let us work ;
Whilst this faire-*Day-light*, is possest,
That, when *Deaths Evening* waxeth dark,
Our *Flesh*, in *Hope*, may sweetly rest.

Vntill that *mortal Night* be done ;
And *Day-immortall*, is begun.

5 And, when *Times* Vaile, is rent, away,
(Whereby E T E R N I T I E is hid)
When thou shalt all things, open lay,
Which ere we *Thought*, or *Said*, or *Did* ;

Among *Times* Ruines, bury so,
Our failings (through our Tract of Time)
That, from these *Dungeons*, here below,
We to celestiall *Thrones* may clime.

And,

And, there, to our *Eternall-king* ;
For ever, H A L E L V I A H sing.

H Y M N I I.

For the Lords Day, or Sunday.

*This Day G o o d created the Light ; and distin-
guished Day from Night. Upon this Day of the
week C H R I S T rose from Death ; and upon
this day, sent down the Holy-Ghost upon his
Disciples, &c. and as upon this Day, God refled
from the work of Regeneration ; therefore the old
Sabbath was transflated to this Day, with every
Dutie which is essentially, and not ceremonially
pertaining therunto.*

Sing this as the 100. Psalme.

Great Lord of *Time*! great King of Heav'n!
Since weekly thou renew'st my Daies,
To Thee, shall *daily* Thanks be given,
And, *weekly* Sacrifice of Praife.

This Day, the *Light*, (TIMES eldest-born)
Her glorious Beames, did first display :
And, then, the *Evening*, and the *Morn*,
Obtained first, the name of **D A Y**.

2 The DEPTH, with *Darknesse*, blackempald,
(That, out of which the *World* was made)
And, which *Deep-waters*, thou hast cald,
Vpon this Day, *beginning* had.

And, as upon this *Day*, it was,
On which C R E A T I O N was begun,
So,

So, on this *Day*, thy Work of G R A C E,
In ev'ry part, was fully done.

3 For, on this *Day*, thy C H R I S T arose ;
And, *Victor* over *Death*, become.

This *Day* he conquer'd all his Foes,
And put them to perpetuall shame.

Vpon this *Day*, it pleased thee,
Thy Sacret *Spirit* down to send ;
That, men with Gifts might furnish'd be
Vpon thy *Gospel* to attend.

4 This *Day*, therefore, we set apart,
For holy *Rest*, and holy *Rites* ;
And, ev'ry sanctified Heart,
To celebrate this *Day* delights.

No *common-works*, thereto, belong ;
(Except much need requireth so)
Nor will we in a *Common-Song*,
Prefent the Service which we owe.

5 Therefore, that now to thee ô L O R D !
The fitter *Offering*, bring I may,
Thus, to thine honour, I record,
And sing the Blessings of this *Day*.

So, let me sing ; So, minde them, still,
And, all my life, so thankfull be ;
That, when my Course I shall fulfill,
Thy *Grace* may draw me up to Thee.

6 Discretion grant me so to know
What Christian *Sabbaths* do require ;
And Grace my Dutie, so to do,
That, I may keep thy *Law*, intire.

Not

Not *doing*, what should not be *done* ;
 Not things *omitting* which are due ;
 Nor *overburdning* any One,
 With *Sabbath-Rites*, unjust or new.
 7 Yea, let me rest my *Body* so,
 That to my Soul I do no wrongs ;
 Nor in *Devotion* heedleſſe grow,
 What to my *Bodies Rest* belongs.

But both in *Soul* and *Body*, L O R D,
 Let me to fanētifie this day,
 According to thy holy Word,
 That I may *Rest* in Thee, for aye.

H Y M N III.

For Munday.

On Munday, GOD made the *Aerie Firmament*,
 whereby Mankind, and every living Creature upon
 Earth enjoyeth, all the common Benefits of Na-
 ture ; and which this Hymn partly commemo-
 rateth to the praise of GOD, for his Mercifull
 Providence in this Daies-work.

Sing this, as the former.

THis Morning brings to minde ô G O D !
 The Making of that *Aerie-Spheare*,
 And Spreading of that *Skie* abroad,
 Whereby we now Surrounded are.

It was that *Fabrick* which thy hand,
 Vouchsafed, on this *Day* to frame,

To

To bound the waters under land,
From thofe which are above the fame.
2 This *Aerie-Firmament*, both keeps
All *breathing-creatures*, here below,
From suffocation by thofe *Deeps* ;
And meanes of *Breathing*, doth beftow.

To us, this *Firmament* convayes
Thofe Dewes and Show'rs, which oft we need ;
And all thofe pleafant fummer-dayes,
Whence profits, or delights proceed.

3 Yea, by this *Firmament*, we gain
The vifion of refreshing *Light*,
And thereby do as well obtain
The ufe of *Hearing* as of *Sight*.

For this dayes workmanship ô L O R D ,
I praife thee now ; and humbly pray
That I may thankfully record,
Thy dayly-Blessings ev'ry day.

HYMN IIII.

For Tuesday.

God is magnified in this Hymn for separating the
Land from the Waters, & for graciously furniſhing
the earth with herbs and Trees for Mans uſe. For
this was that work whereby God manifested
his Power and Providence upon this day of the
firſt-week.

Sing

Sing this as Te Deum.

W^Hen *Land* and *Sea* that mixed were,
In one confused Mass,
Did first distinguisht appeare,
As on this Day it was ;
A creature usefull, then began
The *waters*, first, to be.
And, then, a dwelling fit for man,
The *Land* was made by Thee.
2 Thou didst, likewise, the *Ground* command,
All fruitfull *Trees* to breed.
And, cause to spring out of the *Land*,
Each *Hearb* that beareth seed.
The profit which arises thence,
On *Man* thou didst bestow ;
And, he hath reaped, ever since,
The fruits that yearly grow.
3 This Day, therefore, thou praised art,
For thy *Preparing-Grace*,
In setting *Land*, and *Sea* apart,
To give us dwelling-place.
For what the *Garden*, or the *Field*,
Doth for our use afford ;
And, for what *Woods*, or *Orchards* yeeld,
I praise thee too ô L O R D !
4 And, L O R D, I pray thee, since the *Land*,
Is fruitfull still to mee ;
And faithfull unto thy Command,
Let me be fo to Thee.

Yea,

Yea, since those works are all confest
 Right good, which thou haſt wrought,
 By me, let one *Good work*, at leaſt,
 This Day, to paſſe be brought.

H Y M N V.

For Wednesday.

The Heavens were upon this day first adorned with Stars, and with those two great Luminaries whereby Dayes and Nights ; Times and Seasons are guided and Diftinguished. And, to praise G o d for these, and for those many blessings of Pleasure, Profit, and Conveniencie, thereby enjoyed ; this Hymn was composed.

Sing this as the 100. Psalme.

THIS Day, the *Planets* in their *Sphæres*,
 And those faire *Stars*, which night by night,
 Have shin'd so many thouſand yeareſ,
 Receiv'd their *Being*, and their *Light*.

Vpon this day were first begun
 Those *Motions L o r d*, by which we know,
 How *Dayes* do paſſe, how *yeers* do run ;
 And, how the *Seasons* come and go.

2 The *Sun* was then ordain'd by Thee
 To rule the *Day* ; and give it light.
 The *Moon* and *Stars* were made to be
 The *Guides* and *comforts* of the *Night*.

For *These*, therefore, thy *Praise* I sing ;
 And, for the *blessings*, which to *Man*,

The

The *Sun*, the *Moon*, or *Stars* do bring ;
Or brought, since first, the *World* began.
3 For interchange of *Nights* and *Dates* ;
For *Winter*, *Summer*, *Spring* and *Fall*.
For all of these, I give thee Praise ;
For, Thou gav'st *Being* to them all.

When *Sun*, or *Moon*, or *Star*, I view.
Let them, so make me think on Thee ;
That, as *Dates*, *weeks*, and *yeers* renew ;
I may renew my Thanks to Thee.

H Y M N V I.

For Thursday.

The Waters upon this day of the first week were made fruitfull in Fish and Fowle, for an Addition to Mans profit. Upon this day, our blessed Redeemer, began his most bitter Passion for our sins. This Day he instituted the Sacrament of his Last-Supper : promised the Holy-Ghost our Comforter ; prayed for us ; uttered many divine Precepts, Counsels, and Caveats for the Instruction and Consolation of his Church ; all which are here commemorated.

Sing this as the 22. Psalme.

LO R D, that there might no vacant place,
In all this *world* be found ;
But, that the Riches of thy *Grace*,
Might ev'ry where abound.
This Day, the *Waters* had command,
Both *Fish* and *Fowle* to breed ; That,

That, *Sea*, and *Aire*, as well as *Land*,
Might help in time of need.

2 And, as if all these Dainties, **L O R D !**
For us, too little were,

Which *Land*, and *Sea*, and *Aire* afford,
Enlarg'd, thy Bounties are.

For, as upon this Day (oh **C H R I S T**)
Thou gav'st thy *selfe*, to be

The *Bread of Life*, to ev'ry Guest,
That shall beleeve in Thee.

3 Thy Promise on this *day*, was made
The *Holy-Ghost* to send.

This *Day* we many counsels had,
From thee, our *Blessed-Friend*.

The Evening, likewise of this *Day*,
Began thy *Bloodie-sweat*,

And, Thee, that night, he did betray,
Who feasted on thy meat.

4 Therefore in ev'ry *week* of *Dayes*,
I just Occasions find,

Thee for this fift Daies works to praise ;
And keep the fame in mind.

L O R D, let me alwaies mindfull be
To praise thee to my pow'r ;

Since I have cause to think on Thee,
And thank Thee ev'ry how'r.

HYMN

H Y M N VII.

For Fryday.

The Beasts of the Earth, and all creeping Things were made upon this day. Mankind, this day, received being from the dust of the Earth; and upon this day of the weeke, the Son of God suffered on the Croffe for our Salvation; all which are to Gods glory commemorated in this Hymn.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

THE sixth Daies Light may weekly bring,
Such things of moment, still to mind;
That, *Hymns* and *Songs* of Praife to sing,
I many just Occasions find.

For, ev'ry little worme I see,
And, ev'ry Beast, I looke upon,
Remembrances are made to mee,
Of that which on this day was done.

2 As on this Day, these, first were made.
As on this very day, likewise,
That *Root*, whence I my *Being* had,
Out of the *Dust*, did first arise.

And (though our *Grandame* was the same,
Which *Beasts*, and *Wormes* to light did bring)
Man, by *Gods* grace, this Day, became
Chief *Lord* of each created thing.

3 This

3 This Day, moreover, when by Sin,
Possessions, Honours, Life, and all,
For ever, Forfeited had bin,
G o d, had compassion on our Fall.

And, that we might not be undone
Without all hope to cure our losse)
Vpon this Day, his onely S o n,
Did fuffer for us, on the *Croffe*.

4 This Day, the Scorn, the spight, the pain,
Which I deserved to endure,
My blest *Redeemer* did sustaine,
That I might *Saving-health* procure.

This Day, with *nailes* his *Flesh* was torn ;
This Day, the *Speare* did wound his side.
This Day, he wore a crown of *Thorn*.
This Day, for me, my *Saviour* dide.

5 L o r d, let the Mercies of this day,
No Day, hereafter, be forgot.
Let not an houre quite passe away
Wherein, thy servant minds them not.

At least, vouchsafe, that, whilst I live,
I may record them once a week ;
And, let this *Hymn* occaison give,
That, other men may do the like.

HYMN VIII.

For Saterday.

Vpon this day, G o d rested from the Works of Creation. *Vpon this Day Christ rested in the Grave*
after

after he had finished the painfull works conducing to the Restoration of Man-kind. Therefore Meditations tending to the praise of GOD, in the Commemoration of these Mysteries, which are the effect of this Hymn.

Sing this as the 4. Psalme.

HE that can in a moment space
Build *Worlds* (as he shall please)
And, needeth neither *Time*, nor *Place*,
To work, or take his ease ;
This *Globe*, to *Furnish*, and to *Frame*,
Did fixe Daies Leafure take :
And, having finished the same,
A *Resting-Day*, did make.
2 When, likewise, his *chief-creature* was
By *Sathan*s wiles, undone ;
He limited the *work of Grace*,
A certaine Time, to run.
And, he who did regenerate,
The self same Day, did rest,
Which he who all things did create
Had for that Reason, blest.
3 Within his *Grave*, upon this Day,
Our *Saviour* did repose ;
And, took the Sting of Death away
When he from thence arose.
This Day, the Rigour of the *Law*,
Began to be alayd,

And, that which kept in *servile-Awe*,
 Now, makes us not afraid.

4 Vpon this Day, each *Jewiſh-Rite*,
 Both Death and buriall had.

Their *Sabbath*, was abolisht quite,
 And uneffectuall made.

For, why ſhould we the *Types* embrace
 Or in their *Shades* abide,
 When their true *Subſtance* comes in place,
 Which they but typifie?

5 The F A T H E R S *Reſt*, this meaning had
 That (while *Times* courſe did laſt)
 Here, no *new-creature*, ſhould be made ;
 When fixe Dayes work were paſt:

The *Reſting* of his Bleſſed S O N,
 Declares, that never more
 Should either *ſuffered* be or *done*,
 Offenders to reſtore.

6 L O R D, let me alſo now begin
 A holy *Reſt* to make.

Let me, from all the works of Sin,
 My *Reſt*, for ever, take.

Let ſo my *Luſts* be mortifie ;
 In C H R I S T, ſo bury me ;
 That, I with him, who for me dide,

To life, may raifed be.

7 As long as either *weekes* or *Dayes*,
 To me ſhall be renew'd ;

Let that, which may advance thy praise,
 Be fill, by me purſu'd.

And,

And, when the *Evening*, and the *Morne*,
 My last of dayes hath made ;
Let me in Peace, to thee returne,
 From whom, I *Beeing* had.

H Y M N I X.

For Dayes of Publike, or Private
 Humiliation.

*In private, or publike fasting Dayes, some are desirous
 to expresse their spirituall passions in holy Song ;
 and, because many mens Affections are best moov-
 ed to a zealous performance of such devotions, by a
 Mournfull-Melodie, these following Medita-
 tions, are prepared for that purpose.*

Sing this as the former.

Foul-Spirits may, our hearts posseffe,
(As C H R I S T himself did say)
From which no man can us release
 Vnleffe he *Fast*, and *Pray*.
And, so, both *Sins* and *plagues* there be
 Whose cure, we may despaire,
Vntill, oh L O R D, we come to Thee
 By *Absfinence*, and *Praire*.
2 Not that our *Suffrings*, *Suites*, or *Cries*,
 Can merit what they crave :
But, that we may the better prize
 The Pitty, we would have.

M

And

And that, by such a Discipline
 Our *Flysh*, the better may
 Submit unto those *Lawes-divine*,
 Which all men should obey.

3 For, what oh L O R D, availes it Thee
 If we Repent, or not ?
 If we, or *Full*, or *Fasting* be,
 What profit hast thou got ?

That thou art *prayd*, that thou art *praif'd*.
 The good is ours alone ;
 And, that to *Joy* we may be raiſ'd,
 Thou, sometime, letſt us *monc*.

4 Our Paine, thou takſt no pleasure in ;
 Or, to behold our Teares ;
 But that they might prevent the ſin,
 Which bringeth endleffe cares.

To ſee thy People *Feaſt*, or *Sing*,
 (And, merrie, ſtill, remaine)
 To Thee much more Delight would bring,
 If they could ſin refraine.

5 Since thou ſo gracious art oh L O R D !
 So graceleffe, why are we ?
 And, why ſo backward to afford,
 More pleaſing Fruits to Thee ?
 Oh ! grant ſince thou requireſt nougħt
 From us, but for our Bliffe,
 That nougħt may more of us be fought,
 Then, *Thanks* to yeeld, for this.

6 Forgive then all that is *mifdone*,
Negleſted, or *misfyrd*.

Remove

Remove the *Judgements*, now begun :

Keep off, the *Plagues* delayd :
And, that thy *Mercy* justly may
Our Fears, and Fall prevent ;
Sincerely, let us, evr'y day,
Our Dayly sins repent.

7 For, swine-like, to the myrie Bog,
If we againe returne,
(Or, to our vomit, like the Dog)
In vaine, we *Fast*, and *Mourne*.
Nay, worse will our estate become :

For, when *Expulſed-fin*,
Re-enters to a *cleaſed-Roome*,
It fev'nſold Guilt, brings in.

8 With us, L O R D, let it not be fo ;
But, more upright, each day,
More sanctified, let us grow ;
More warie, in our way.

That we may paſſe our Future Daies,
Without Offence, or Blame,
In holy Mirth, and Songs of Praife,
In honour of thy *Name*.

H Y M N X.

Another for the like *Times*.

*This Hymn contains an humble confession of our
Guiltines in the breach of the whole Moral-Law ;
and in our abuse of the Law of Grace alſo ; with
an earnest desire, that God would have mercy upon
us.*

M 2

Plung'd

P^Lung'd in Grief and in distresse,
Humbly we intend oh G o d !
Our Transgressions to confess,
In a fadly founding *Ode*.

At thy Footstoole, we appear,
Grieved for our Follies past ;
And untill our suites thou hear,
No refection we will taſt.

*Heed, with gracious cies we pray,
Our contrition, L O R D, this day;
And wipe all our Sins away.*

2 Thou oh G o d ! ev'n Thou, art he
Who from Egypt mysticall,
(When as there, enſlav'd were we)
Freely, diſt Redeem us all,

For which grace, a vowe we made,
Thee to ſerve, as G o d, alone :
Yet, we other *Gods* have had ;
And, forgot what Thou haſt done.

*Wc, (as Deities) ador'd.
Things, more fit to be abhor'd.
Yet, Have mercie on us L O R D.*

3 Though we know, that on thy *Foes*,
Dreadfull plagues thou doſt inflict ;
And, that thou art kind to thoſe,
Who thy just *Commands* reſpe&t.

Yet, of Thee, our *Fancie* faines
Likeneſſes, which like thee not.
And *Idea's* in our braines,
To thy wrong, are oft begot.

Idol-

*Idol-makers we have bin :
Our chiefe zeale we spend therein
L O R D, have mercie on our fin.*

4 In thy *Name*, we were bbtized,
And thy *Name*, oh C H R I S T, we beare.
But, that grace we have not priz'd,
As thereby, oblig'd we are.

We have tooke on us in vaine,
That great N A M E which we professe ;
And yet feeme in hope, to gaine
Thy acceptance, ne're the lesse.

*Many waies, we are to blame,
By prophaning of thy Name,
But, oh L O R D, forgive the same.*

5 In our hearts, it was imprest,
(Though corruption blurs it now)
That we should to *Man*, and *Beast*,
Times of needfull *Reft*, allow.

And, lest froward *Nature* might
This great *Moral*, take away,
(To preserve that common-right)
Hallow'd was the *Seventh-day*
But, this Precept, we deprave.
This great Law, we broken have ;
And, for this, we mercie crave.

6 We our *Parents* honour not,
(As thy *Precepts* do command)
Neither thofe, who us *begot*,
Nor the *Fathers*, of this *Land*.

Nay, our *Ghoshly-Parents*, oft,

M 3

(Who,

(Who,in us, would *Grace* beget)
For their Love, are Jeer'd and Scoft ;
And, their words at nought are fet.

Of this Fault, we now have sinfe :
Oh ! forgive that great Offence ;
Left thy Justice root us hence.

7 We, of *Murthers*, are not cleare,
Though no Blood our hands have spilt ;
For, in us those *Passions* are,
Which have drawn on us that Guilt.

Hate and *Wrath*, in us are found.
Cruell Thoughts, and flandrous Tongues,
Which ofttimes, our Neighbours wound,
Which no lesse then murdrous wrongs.

Double-di'd in blood are we :
For, oh C H R I S T, we murdred Thee.
Yet, now, pardoned let us be.

8 We Adulterers have been;
Lustfull hearts, and wandring Eies,
Make us many waies uncleane,
Which no fight, but thine, espies.

Both by *Deeds*, and *words* unchast
Soild in *Soul* and *Flesh*, we are ;
And, have greedily embrac't
Pleasures, which unlawfull were.

Cleanse us, L O R D ! from ev'ry spot :
Youthfull-Sins, remember not :
But oh ! let them be forgot.

9 Many waies we *rob* and *Steal*,
More then ev'ry Neighbour knows ;
And, with few, so justly deal In

In performance, as in shewes.

By Deceit, or els by Force,
On our Brethrens Right we ceaze :
And, although they bring a curse,
Stolen-waters, greatly please.

But, now, LoRD we do repent :

Therefore, what thy Justice ment,
Let thy Mercy, still, prevent.

10 *Falshood* we have testifide,
When the *Truth*, we shoulde have said.

God and *Man*, we have belide ;
And, the Righteous-cause betrayd,

Whence, to others, often springes
Not *Loſſe-temporall*, alone ;
But, in *Everlasting-Things* :
Some, are by our *Lies*, undone.

LoRD ! we now lament these wrongs :

Therefore, pardon what belongs,
To Falſe-Hearts, and lying-Tongues,

11 Thankleſly we have repin'd,
At what is on us beſtowن ;

And, in others *Lots*, we find
More Delight, then in our own.

And, ſuch *Longings*, are the caufe,
Of increasing our Offence.

Yea, the Breach of all thy *Lawes*,
And, all Folly flowes from hence.

LoRD ! with grace our hearts inspire,
To confine each loſſe-Desire ;

Or, to quench that hell-bred-Fire.

12 We have broke, before thy Face,
Not thy *Law* of *works*, alone,
But, against thy *Law* of *Grace*,
We have oft, and much misdone.

In an humble F A S T, this Day,
At thy feet, we therfore, fall.
Hear us, heed us, L O R D, we pray ;
And, forgive our errors all.

*Let this Day of Penitence,
Blot out ev'ry past offence ;
And, remove thy Judgements, hence.*

H Y M N X I.

For a Day of publike Rejoycing.

*It is usuall upon dayes of Rejoycing to expresse more
folly then Thankfulnesse to him who hath vouchsafed
the cause of our Exultation. Therfore to reclifie
that oversight, and to direct our mirth to the glory
of G o d, this Hymn is provided.*

Sing this as the Magnificat.

L O R D, thou hast fil'd our hearts with Joy
And, that hath mov'd our Tongues,
Their Tunefull Voices to employ
In singing Praifefull-Songs.
Rejoycings, in our dwellings are ;
With mirth our *cups* are crown'd ;
And Shouts of Gladnesse, ev'ry where,
Throught our streets, do found.

2 L O R D

2 *LORD!* whence comes all this *merriment?*
Whence flows it but from Thee?
From whom all pleasant things are sent,
To thofe that Thankfull be.
Our Faithfull *Hopes*, thou haſt made good,
Thou haſt made voyd our *Fears*:
Our *Foes* desire, thou haſt with ſtood;
And, driſe up all our Tears.
3 Let not this *Joy*, by *Fires*, and *Bells*,
By *Noife*, alone, be known;
By *Feaſts*, or *Healths*; but, ſomeway els,
(And better wayes) be ſhown.
Yea, ſince thy *Mercy* from on high,
This *Joy*, on us beſtow'd;
Let *Works of Mercie*, sanctifie
The *Gladneſſe*, we have ſhow'd.
4 Let us, to thofe that are *Distrefteſt*
A word of comfort Speake;
Relieve the *Needy*, and *Opprefteſt*;
Add Strength unto the *weake*.
So, G O D will change our *Outward Mirth*,
To ſuch *Internall-Joy*,
That, nothing, whilſt we live on earth,
Our Comfort ſhall Destroy.

H Y M N X I I.

For the *Birth day* of any Man or
Woman.

They who observe their Birth Dayes, (which many anciently have done, and some yet do) may hereby be remembred of such Meditations as are pertinent to this Anniversarie ; and G o d may be thereby, the more often praised for our Temporall Being.

Sing this as the former.

L O R D ! on this Day, thou didst bestow
A breathing-Life on me.
This Day, an Actor, here below
I, first, begun to be.
And, but few Rounds, the Sun hath made,
Since, I, that now am here,
No portion of an Essence had,
Except, in Thee, it were.
2 But, now, there is a *part of me*,
(And, L O R D, from Thee it springs)
That shall both *nam'd*, and *numbred* be
With *Everlasting Things*.
And, that, which *Time*, doth weare away,
Times-Ruine, will restore,
To be rejoyn'd thereto, for aye,
When *Time* shall be more.

3 We,

3 We, now, are thy *Probationers*,
And, as we run this *Race*,
The *Life which is to come*, prefers
To Honour, or Disgrace.
And, they which here, the Pathway misse,
That unto *Virtue*, tends,
Shall finde no means, nor Hope of *Blisse*,
When this briefe Life-time ends.

4 Another *Yeere* is now begun ;
And yet, I do not fee
How for the *Time*, which forth is run,
I can Account to Thee.
For, I confesse, I have mispent,
My *Longings*, to fulfill,
The Times, which unto me, were lent,
To execute thy *Will*.

5 And, in the Dayes which are behinde,
(Behinde, if any be)
What profit can I hope to finde ?
What will they pleasure me ?
Since (though *Time-past*, I might redeeme)
So much that Work will cost
As (first or last) my Time will seeme,
In hazard to be lost.

6 L O R D, let this Day of my *First-Birth*,
Occasion, yeerely, give
To keep me mindfull, why on Earth
My *Being*, I receive.
And, of my *Second-Birth*, likewise,
So minde Thou Me, thereby.

That

That, I to *Life*, may not arise
 A *Second-Death*, to die.
 7 But, let this *Day*, and all the *Daies*,
 Which I, hereafter, view
 Employed be to give Thee praise,
 To whom all *Praise*, is due.
 And, thus let no man say of me
 When I to *Dust* return ;
O ! well with H I M, now would it be,
If He, had nev'r been born.

HYMN XIII.

For the fifth of November.

This Day we commemorate the admirable Deliverance, of this Kingdome, from the terrible destruction and Massacre, intended by the damnable Powder-Treasour, to have been executed this Day of the yeere; and from which G O D, upon this Day graciously preserved, Prince and People, by discovering the same. To his praise, for that Deliverance, this Hymn is Dedicated: and may be most movingly sung in Dialogue wise.

Voice 1. Wherefore are the *Songs* of *Praise*
 Which now ev'ry where do found?
 Since among the *Solemn-Daies*,
 This, of old, hath not been found?
 Vo. 2. This is that known *Day*, wherin
Fiends (ascending from below)
 Raifed

Raised by the *Man of Sin*,
Sought to slay us at a blow.

Both. *Taught by their Infernall-Sire*
BRITAIN'S Fall, they did conspire,
Both by Sulphur and by Fire.

V. 1. Wherefore do the People sing,
As when they in Triumph are?
If so sad, so vile a thing,
For this Day designed were?

V. 2. *G o d, that is this Islands guard,*
Did this Day, contrive it so,
That, the *Act*, for us prepar'd,
Brought the mischief on our *Foe*.

Both. *And, this Day, which Hell ROME,*
Thought to make our Day of Doome;
Their Confusion, did become.

V. 1. Who were they who had the hopes
To effect so black a Deed?

V. 2. Twelve *Apostles* of the *Popes*
True profefors of his *Creed*.

V. 1. For begetting such a birth,
To thofe *Monfiers*, what befell?

V. 2. Death-deserved, here on earth;
And, what els we cannot tell.

Both. *If Repentance found no Grace,*
They are Howling in the Place,
Where their Plot, first brooded was.

V. 1. How was their damn'd purpose known,
E're their Ends, they could affect?

V. 2. By a *writing* of their own,
Which

Which G o d made them misdirect.

V. 1. When was that base *Plot* foreseen?

And where was that perill found?

V. 2. When it should have acted been,

In a Dungeon under-ground.

Both. None but G o d, could set us clear,

From a Danger, and a Fear,

So in Secret, and so near.

V. 1. G o d, and none but G o d, indeed

Could have fav'd a Nation so,

V. 2. None but G o d, at such a need,

Could have hindred such a blow.

V. 1. None but G o d shall therefore share,

In the Honour of the same.

V. 2 None save they who *Traitors* are,

Will refuse to praise his *Name*.

Both. L o R d, our Souls desirous be,

To ascribe all *Praise*, to Thee;

And, thy Love, confessè will we.

H Y M N X I I I I .

For the Kings Day.

The first day of the Kings is yearly solemnized in this Kingdome; partly that the People might assemble to Praise G o d, for the Benefits, received by their Prince; and partly to desire G o d's blessing upon him and his Government; which duties being well performed no due time would prevent the mischiefs which attend on Tiranny, and Rebellion.

Sing

Sing this as the 4. Psalme.

LORD, when we call to minde thefe things,
 Which we should aske of Thee,
 Remembring that the Hearts of Kings
 At thy disposing be ;
 And, how, of all thosse Blessings, which
 Are outwardly possest,
 To make a *Kingdome* Safe, and Rich,
 Good-Princes are the best.

2 When this we minde ; thy Name to praife,
 Our hearts inclined are ;
 For him,oh L O RD, whom thou didſt raiſe
 The *royall, wreath* to wear.
 And, we intreat, that he may raign
 In peacefull Safetie long,
 Thy *Faith-Defender*, to remain,
 And, shield thy *Truth* from Wrong.

3 With awefull Love, and loving Dread,
 Let us obſerve him L O RD :
 And, as the *Members* with their *Head*,
 In Christian Peace accord :
 Then, fill Him, with fuch Princely eare,
 To cheriſh us, for this ;
 As if his Heart, did feel we are
 Effentiall-parts of his.

4 Let neither partie ſtrugge from
 The Duties it ſhould own,
 Lefteach to other, Plagues become,
 And, both be overthrown.

For

For or'e a *Disobedient-Land*,
 A *Tirant* thou wilt fet.

And, they who *Tirantlike* command,
Rebellion, shall beget.

5 When that *Ill-spirit* once is rear'd
 Which *Tiranny* doth teach ;

Or, when that *Devill* hath appear'd
 Which doth *Rebellion* preach.

In vain, to either partie, than,
 Their dangers, we foreshow.

Or plead the *Laws*, of *God*, or *Man*,
 For, blind, and mad they grow.

6 With wilfull Fury they run on
 To execute their will ;

Not caring what be faid or done ;
 Or, whom they Rob, or Kill.

And, feted Peace, we feldome fee
 Return to them, or theirs

Till rooted from the *Land*, they be
 By *Sicknesse*, *Dearth*, or *Wars*.

7 Permit not, L O R D, fo fad a Doome,
 Vpon thefe *Realmes* to fall.

And, that on us it may not come,
 Remit our Errors all.

Yea, let the *Partie-Innocnt*,
 Some dainage rather take

Then, by *Self-will* or discontent
 A greater Schisme to make.

8 Teach us, who placed are below
 Our *Callings*, to apply ;

And,

And, not or'e curious be to know
What things are done on high.
Teach Him uprightly to command,
Vs, rightly to obey
That, both in safetie, stll may stand,
And keep a Lawfull way.

9 When *Kings* affaires we pry into
Our Selves we oft beguile ;
And, what we rather ought to do,
Is left undone, the while
Whereas, if each one, did attend
The Courfe, wherein they live,
And, all the rest, to thee command
Then, all should better thrive.

10 Our minds, oh L O R D , compose thou thus
And, our dread *Soveraign* fave :
Blesse Vs in Him, and Him, in Vs,
That, both may Blessings have.
Yea grant that many yeers we may
This *Hymn* devoutly sing ;
And marke it for a happy Day,
Wherein, he first was *King*.

H Y M N X V.

For the Day of the Solemnitie belonging to
the *Knights of the Garter*.

This Hymn was composed for the Festivall, be-
longing to the Knights of the Garter, solemnized

zed upon the Day anciently dedicated to S. George the martyr. It encourageth to brotherly Love and Vnitiue, by a Divine Illustration alluding to that, in the 133. Psalme.

See Brethren, what a pleasing Bliffe,
It is our Lives in love to lead.
It like that precious oyntment is,
Which once anointed *Aarons* head,
 And, thence along his beard did flow
 Ev'n to his Garment skirts below
Oh ! L O R D, This Chrifome sweet ;
 Powre on our *Soveraignes* crown ;
 Till thence, unto his Feet,
 The fame shall trickle down.
2 L O R D, like thofe droppings let it prove
Which did on *Hermons*, Top distill ;
And, like the Dews, which from above
Descended, once, on *Sion-Hill*,
 For Peace and Plenties flouriſh there,
 Where-ever, theſe diſſusions are.
L o R D, therefore let them fall
 On ev'ry noble *Hill* ;
And ev'ry humble *Dale*
 With Peacefull Plenties fill.
3 Our *Soveraigne* is as *Hermon Hill* ;
His *Princes*, are as lower *Heights*.
When *Graces* down on *Him*, diſtill,
On them, a bleſſing, alſo lights :
 And, thence they further downward,flow,
 Refreshing thoſe, that are below.

Let

Let thus, for ever, L O R D,
Thy *Grace* diffused be ;
And, let us all accord,
In truly Serving Thee.

H Y M N X V I.

For Anniversary Sermon-dayes.

*Devout Persons have to sundry Places left meanes
to procure Anniversary-Sermons to be there
preached ; on such, or such Dates of the yeare :
And perhaps it might further their Founders
good Intentions, if this Hymn were then Sung.*

Sing this as the 23. Psalme.

THe Sun, hath since we last were here,
Quite through the Zodiack run ;
And, on this Day, another yeer.
Is happily begun.
To G O D therefore, this *Anniverſe*,
(In honour of his *Name*)
With Heart and Voice, we do reherſe,
And, praise him in the fame.
2 For, Lo R D, if Thanks men owe to Thee
For thoſe who give them bread,
Sure, thou for them ſhouldſt Praifeſt be,
By whom our Souls are fed.
And we deſire this *Due* to pay
For them who did prepare

The

The means whereby we meet this Day
 Thy blessed Word to hear.

3 Bleffe thou this *means*, and fuffer not
 Thy *Voice* to found in vain.

Let not thofe *Leffons* be forgot
 Which to our *Weal* pertain.

But, fo let us improve this Grace,
 Which yearly is conferr'd

That, we leave that lawleffe Race,
 In which we long have err'd.

4 For, *Dayes*, and *Yeers* if we flill add
 Vnto a wicked Courfe

We shall proceed from being *bad*,
 To be a great deal worfe.

And, ev'ry Day and Veer, wherein
 Thy *Grace* thou tendred haft,

Shall help to aggravate our Sin,
 And to condemn at laft.

5 This, to prevent, let what we hear,
 And have, this day, been taught,
 Somewhat improve us, ere this *Year*,
 About again be brought.

That neither this dayes pious *Gift*,
 Nor thy *good-feed* be lost.

But rather by our Christian Thrift,
 Repay this pains, and cost.

H Y M N

For Anvniersary Marriage-Dayes.

Some Married-Persons take Delight, either alone or with a neighbour or two to commemorate, yeerly, the Day of their Marriage ; and for that private Commemoration, this Hymn is prepared.

Sing this as the. 25. P falme.

LO R D, living here we are
As fast united, yet,
As when our Hands, and Hearts by thee,
Together, first, were knit.
And, in a thankfull *Song*,
Now, Sing we will thy Praife,
For that thou doſt aſwell prolong,
Our *Loving*, as our *Dayes*.
2 Together we have now,
Begun another yeer ;
But, how much time thou wilt allow,
Thou makſt it not appear.
We therefore, do, emplore,
That *Live*, and *Love*, we may,
Still ſo, as if but one day more,
Together we ſhould ſtay.
3 Let each of others *Wealth*,
Preferve a Faithfull care,
And of each others *Joy* and *Health* ;
As if one Soul we were.
Such conſcience let us make,
Each other not to grieve.

As

As if we, daily, were to take
 Our *Everlasting-Leave.*
 4 The *Frowardnesse* that springs
 From our *Corrupted-kinde,*
 Or from those troublous *Outward-Things,*
 Which may distract the minde ;
 Permit thou not, oh L O R D,
 Our constant Love to shake ;
 Or, to disturbe our true accord ;
 Or, make our Hearts to ake.
 5 But, let these *Frailties* prove
 Affections Exerzise,
 And, that Discretion, teach our *Love,*
 Which wins the noblest *Prize.*
 So, *Time,* which weares away,
 And ruines all things els,
 Shall fixe our Love on Thee for aye,
 In whom, *perfection,* dwels.

H Y M N X V I I I.

For an Anniversarie Funerall-Day.

*Because there are some, whose Passionate Affections
 make them resolve to keep private Anniversaries
 in memorial of Dear-Friends deceased : This
 Hymn was intended to direct them to those mu-
 sings, which at such Times, will make their Com-
 memorations more pious, and more profitable. If
 it be a Woman which is commemorated, let
 the word HER, be used instead of HIM.*

Sing

Sing this, as In fad and Ashie weeds.

THE Day is now return'd
Which in memoriall of my *Friend*
(Which first for him I mourn'd)
To set apart I did intend.

"Tis now a year
Since for my *Dear*,
This yearly *Rite* was done ;
And, I as yet,
Do not forget

My losses to bemoan.

2 I must indeed confesse
That (though to *Love*, still, true I am)

My *Passions* now are lesse :

And, that my Grief is not the same ;

For, *Time* assures,
More perfect Cures,
When *Sorrow* woundeth man,
Then all the pow'rs,
Of Herbs, and Flow'rs,
Or *Humanc-Reason* can.

3 Thy *Name*, oh *God*, I praise
That, thou, by *Time*, hast eas'd me so.

For, doubtlesse, length of dayes
Without thy *Mercy*, lengthens *Woe*,
When thou do'st please,
From *Paine*, to *Ease*,
We in a Night return,
And when we grieve,

Thou

Thou must relieve,
Or, we shall ever mourn.

4 That yeerely *Rite*, therefore,
Which to my *Friend*, my Passion vow'd ;
Shall honour him the more,
If on thy Praife, it be bestow'd,

And, If this Day
Will paffe away,
In thankfull Thoughts of Thee ;
Which once I meant
To have mispent,
In Griefs, that fruitlesse be.

5 Nor is my *Friend* forgot
Though thus I turn from *Him*, to *Thee*.
The leſſe I love him not,
Though, now I ſing thy Love to me.

Whilſt Thee I minde,
In Thee I finde
My *Friend* again reviv'd.
When *Him*, alone,
I think upon

I, for One Dead, am griev'd.

6 The Vertues of this *Friend*
Within my Self, let me improve :
And to that noble End,
Caufe, his memoriall me to move.

For, if we ſtay
From their Juſt-way,
Whom we, in life, approv'd ;
Those whom we feem'd
To have eſteem'd,

We

We never truly lov'd.
7 L O R D, I am drawing neer,
To his estate whom I bemone ;
Yea, neerer by a *yeer*
Then, when this dutie last was done.
And, still I come
The further from
The State, I did deplore ;
As neerer to
That *State*, I grow
Which equals *Rich* and *Pvore*.
8 Vouchsafe oh G o d ! I pray,
That, hence remov'd when I shall be,
In Thee, behold I may,
All thofe that were belov'd of me.
Yea, let none here,
To me be Deare,
But, thofe whom I shall finde
Enjoy that Love,
In Heaven above,
Which they on Earth should minde.

HYMN XIX.

For the *Spring-time*.

G O D Almighty in the Spring-time, reneweth the
Blessing of the Year, for the Sustentation, and re-
freshment of our Bodies : And this Hymn teach-
eth by what Meditations we should sanctifie the

V

Blessings

*Blessings of this Season to GODS glory, and
the Refreshment of our Souls.*

Sing this as the 10. Commandments.

ALthough he knows it putrifies,
Who can so Faithlesse be, to doubt,
His *Body* shall from Death arise ;
When *Times* wid'ft Wheele, is whirl'd about ?

Since, ev'ry time, in which the *Sun*,
His yearly *Progreſſe* doth renew,
(And round about the *Zodiak* run)
We many *Resurrections* view ?

2 The *Leafleſſe-Brancheſſe-Root*,
The *Seed* that lifeleſſe seem'd to be,
(And lies contemned under foot)
Becomes a lively-Springing *Tree*.

Yea, that which was no other thing,
But *Dung*, or *Duft*, or *Mud*, or *Slime*,
Takes warmth, and Motion from the *Spring*,
And, lives, at least, all *Summer-time*.

3 Why pine we then, when we perceive,
The *Winter* of an ill *Successe*,
Of ev'ry Means doth us deprive,
That should our daily need redrefſe ?

Since we behold each *Buſh* and *Bough*,
That *Stormes*, or *Froſts* had plucked bare,
Gets *leaves* again, with *bloſſomes* now :
And, in their *Season*, fruit may bear ?

4 That, which the *Winter* wasted had
The *Spring* beginneth to restore :

The

The Promife, which long ſince, G o d made,
Obſerve he will, for evermore.

The Times of *Harvest*, and of *Seed*,
Of *Summer*, *Winter*, *Spring*, and *Fall*,
Each other duly ſhall ſucceed,
Whilſt Heaven and Earth continue ſhall.

5 The *Groves* which lately naked ſtood,
A comely Suit of Green do wear ;
The meaner *Plants*, do freshly bud ;
The *Meads* with Flow'rs embroydred are :

The *Sun* our Day-light, doth prolong :
The *Flocks*, their younglings forth do bring :
The *Heat* begins to waxe more ſtrong ;
The *Birds*, in ev'ry Bush do fing.

6 To *Him*, therefore, who yeer by yeer,
Vouchſafeth to remember Vs ;
And, for our Profit ; ev'ry where,
Reneweth his good Creatures thus :

To *Him* be praife : And, I emplore,
That as increaſt his Blessings be,
So Grace and Virtue, more and more,
May ev'ry Day, encrease in Me.

HYMN XX.

For *Summer-time*.

*In this Hymn, G o d is praifeſed for the Blessings
which he vouchſafeth by the Summer-ſeaſon,
and wherein the Yeer is in the height of his Glo-
rie ; that by good Meditations, the Pleatiures and*

N 2

Profits

Profits thereof, may be sanctified and made comfortable unto us.

Now, the glories of the *Year*,
May be viewed at the best ;
And, the Earth doth now appear,
In her fairest Garments drest.

Sweetly smelling Plants and Flowers,
Do perfume the Garden-Bows ;
Hill, and Valley, Wood and Field,
Mixt with Pleasures, Profits yield.
2 *Much* is found, where *Nothing* was.
Herds, on ev'ry mountain go.
In the Meddows, Flowrie Grasse,
Makes both Milk and Honey flow.

Now, each Orchard Banquets giveth ;
Ev'ry Hedge with fruit, relieveth ;
And, on ev'ry Shrub and Tree,
Vsefull Fruits, or Berries be.
3 Walks and Wayes which *Winter* mar'd,
By the Winds, are swept, and dride ;
Moorish Grounds are now so hard,
That, on them we safe may ride.

Warmth enough the Sun doth lend us ;
From his heat the Shades defend us ;
And, thereby, we share in these :
Safety, Profit, Pleasure, Ease.
4 Other Blessings, many more,
At this Time, enjoy'd may be ;
And, in this my *Song*, therefore,
Praise I give, oh L O R D, to Thee.

Grant

Grant that this my free Oblation,
May have gracious Acceptation :
And, that I may well employ
Ev'ry thing which I enjoy.

HYMN XXI.

For Autumn.

*God, is here praised, for the Mercies and Benefits,
vouchsafed unto us in Autumn, wherein, we
reape the chiefe reward of our outward ycerely
Labours. And, it becomes us(once at least) in so
profitable a Season, to remember so gracious a Be-
nefactor.*

Sing this as the Lords Prayer.

WHAT *Spring* and *Summer* did produce,
Now, in Perfection, doth appear.

For, *Autumn* ripened hath for us,
The Fat and sweetnesse of the *Year* ;

And, offers up a timely *Crop*,

To him, that labour'd long, in *Hope*.

2 The youthfull Freshnesse of the *Spring*,
And *Summers* Beauties are decay'd :
Yet, we have, now, more cause to *Sing*,
Then if they longer time, had staid.

For, though the *Bloffome* pleasures had

It is the *Fruit* which makes most glad.

3 Preferv'd from nipping *Frosts* and *Stormes*,
From starving *Droughts*, and chilling *Rains* ;

N 3 From

From *Blaſlings*, and from *Weeds*, and *Wormes*,
A goodly *Portion*, yet, remaines.

 Which (if we loose it not by Sin)
 Stands ready to be gather'd in.

4 Oh **L O R D!** thy holy *Name* we blesse,
That ſuch faire Likelihoods we gain,
Those needfull Profits to poſſeſſe,
For which, we have beſtow'd our pain.

 Let nothing interpoſe to marre
 The Good, whereof we hopefull are.

5 Permit not that which we acquire,
Empair'd or ſpoiled to become
By *Vermine*, *Floods*, *Theeves*, *Froſts*, or *Fire* ;
Or, by ill-huſbandry at home.

 Nor let us waſtfully deſtroy,
 What, we diſcreetly ſhould enjoy.

6 But, let the *Harveſt* of this yeer,
So warn us how the later-end,
And, *Harveſt* of our Life, draws neer,
That, we our *Callings* may attend :

 Employ aright what we receive ;
 And, Thanks, for all thy Blessings, give.

H Y M N X X I I.

For *Winter*.

Winter, is an Emblem of Old Age : And this
 Hymn remembers that from this Seafon, we
 take Occation to be mindfull of our later end ;
 and to meditate ſuch other things alſo as may be
 brought

*brought to our Consideration, by this unpleasant
Season.*

Now, the *Earth* begins to mourn,
And hath lost her *Summer* pride:
Her faire dressings lately worn,
Now, are wholly cast aside ;
And the Trees that clothed were,
Fruitlesse, leafelesse, naked are.
2 Pleasures from our *Groves* are gone ;
No delights the *Meadows* yield ;
Little profit now, or none
Comes from *Valley, Hill, or Field.*
For the greatest winde that blows
Threatneth Floods, or Frosts, or Snows,
3 Earthly things thus passe away :
And in compassie of a year,
Of a Moneth, a Weeke, or Day,
Many Changes do appear.
That, in love we might not grow
With our Trifles here below.
4 They, who while the *Spring* doth last,
Or, while *Summer* doth remain,
Or, ev'r *Harvest* quite be past,
By their Labours, nothing gain.
May in *Winter* thofe things need,
Which their Flesh shoulde cloth, and feed,
5 They who spend their youthfull *prime*,
In unprofitable waies,
And foole out their healthfull time,
Till the *Winter* of their Daies.

N 4 Shall

Shall be fure, when they are old,
To be hunger fed and cold.

6 Or, if these, this Plague escape,
Live they shall, still, cloth'd, and fed,
To incur their worse mishap,
Who lament when they are dead :
And their *Sentence* to abide,
Who their *Talents*, lose, or hide.

7 Praife, oh G O D, I give to thee,
That, I likely means have got,
Of those things that needfull be,
Now the *Seafon* yeelds them not :
And posseſſe a warme Abode,
When Difcomorts are abroad.

8 Still, vouchsafe me, fo, thy grace,
That, I still endeavour may
(Whilſt I have both Time, and Place)
To prevent an *Evill-Day*.
And, what may not ſhunned be,
To endnre, L O R D, ſtrengthen me.

H Y M N X X I I I.

For Ember-weekes.

*These are our publique Faſts, kept at the fourē Sea-
fons of the yeere, that by a Christian humili-
ation we might move Almighty G O D to vouch-
ſafe the needfull Blessings of the Seafon; to ſtreng-
then our conſtitutions againſt the Humours then
pre-*

predominant, and to be pleased, that they who are called to the Ministry of the Gotpel, may be faithfull and fit Labourers for his Vineyard. For, the **LORDS** Day next every of these Fasts, are the times which were anciently appointed, for Laying-hands on such as were called to that office.

Sing this as the Lords Prayer.

THou dost from ev'ry Season L O R D,
To profit us. Advantage take.

To profit us, Advantage take:
And, at their fitteſt houres afford,
Those gifts for which requests we make.

At Winter, Summer, Fall, or Spring,
Thou dost confer each needfull thing.

2 A part, therefore, from each of these
Religiously hath been reserv'd,
By *Pray'r*s, and *Fastings* to appease,
That wrath, which often, is deserv'd;

Lest else, thou, for our many Crimes,
Destroy the Blessings of the Times.

3 Vouchsafe, that our Devotions, may
With true sincereness be perform'd.
And, that we may not for one day,
But, all our Life-time be reform'd.

And mortifie each Lust and Sin,
Which we have lov'd, and lived in.

4 Our Constitutions temper so,
That, whatsoever humours reign,
They not impaire nor overthrow,
That Health which we might els retain.

N 5 Or,

Or, if the *Seafon*, ficknesse brings,
 L O R D, comfort us, in other things.
 5 And since these *Churches* do appoint
 These *Times*, their *Paflors* forth to fend.
 L O R D, let thy *Spirit* them anoint,
 That they thy *Flocks*, may well attend.
 Yea, L O R D, let those who *callid* be,
 And, those that *Call*, be bleſt of Thee.
 6 Informe the *One*, oh bleſſed L O R D !
 Whom they ſhould for thy Service chufe.
 Conſirme the *Other*, by thy Word,
 And ſo, to Both, thy *Grace* infufe.
 That, both in *Words*, and *Works*, they may
 Perſever in a Bleſſed way.

H Y M N X X I I I I .

For Rogation Weeke.

*This is called Rogation of Rogando, and from the
 publique Supplications then made. For about that
 time Princes go forth to Warre ; The hope of
 Plentie is in the blossome ; The Aire is moſt
 ſubjeſt to infection ; Voyages by Land and Sea are
 undertaken ; and many other things require that
 publique Supplications ſhould be made. It is our
 enfome also in many places, to viſite our Parish
 Bounders, that contentious ſuits may be thereby
 preſented. And if in ſuch neighbourly Preambu-
 lations, this, or the like Meditations were pub-
 licly ſing as we walke through the Fields, it
 wold not be an unprofitable practife.*

Sing

Sing this as the Lamentation or X. Com.

LO R D ! it hath pleased thee to say,
That when we prayed in thy *Name*,
(And prayed as we ought to pray)
We should from Thee obtain the same.

We therefore, humbly pray Thee, now.
That, to the suits which we do make
Thou pleas'd would'st be, thine eare to low.
And heare us, for thy Mercy sake.

2 Let not the *Seasons* of this *Yeer*,
As they their Courses do observe,
Engender those Contagions, here,
Which our Offences do deserve.

Let not the Summer-wormes impaire
The Bloomings, of Herbe, Flowre, or Tree .
Nor blastings, or distemper'd Aire,
Deftroy those Fruits that hopefull be.

3 Domestick Jars, expell thou far ;
And be so pleas'd our Coalts to guard,
That, horrid Sounds of *In-brought-war*,
Within our Confines, be not heard.

Continue, likewise here, thy *Word* ;
And,make us thankfull L O R D , we pray,
That *Famine*, *Pestilence*, and *Sword*,
Have been, so long, with-held away.

4 As we are heedfull to observe,
The certaine Limits, of our Grounds ;
And (Outward-Quiet to preserve)
Walk, yeerly, round our *Parish-Bounds*.

So.

So, let us take a comely Care,
 Our Souls Inheritance, to know ;
 That, no Encroachments may be, there,
 Obtained by our Subtle, Foe.

5 What pleasant *Groves*! what goodly *Fields*!
 What fruitfull *Hils*, and *Dales*, have we!
 How sweet an *Aire*, our Climate yields !
 How flor'd, with *Flocks*, and *Herds*, are we !

How *Milke*, and *Honey* overflow !
 How cleare and wholsome, are our *Springs*!
 From *Ravenous-Beasts*, how safe, we go !
 How free from *Poysonous-Creeping-Things*!
 6 For *these* ; and for our *Graſſe*, our *Corn* ;
 And, all that *Springs* from *Blade*, or *Bough* :
 For all those Blessings, which adorn
Wood, *Streame*, or *Field*, this Iland through.

For all of *these* thy *Praise*, we sing :
 And, humbly, we petition, too,
 That, we to *Thee*, Fruits forth may bring,
 As unto *us*, thy *Creatures* do.

7 So ; in the sweet refreshing shade,
 Of thy *Proteſtion*, ſitting down,
 The gracious Favours, which we had,
 Relate we will, to thy renown.

Our Children too, when we are gone,
 Shall for *these* Mercies, honour *Thee* ;
 And, famous make what thou hast done,
 To thofe, which after Them, ſhall be.

H Y M N

H Y M N X X V.

For the *Advent Sundayes.*

The Advent-Sundayes are so called, because at those Times, the severall Advents, or Comings of CHRIST, were commemorated; and the people were instructed concerning those Advents; and what they are, this Hymn sheweth.

Sing this as the L O R D S Prayer.

VVhen C H R I S T our Lord incarnate was,
Our Brother, then he came to be.

When into us he comes by Grace,
To be our Spouse, then cometh He.

And Comes, when he shall come agen
To judge both Dead and Living-men.

2 Despaire will then all those confound,
That his First *comings* disregard.
And, those, who till the *Trumpet* found,
Are misemploy'd anp unprepar'd.

Yea, cursed Pleasures they will prove,
Which out of thought, these *Comings* drove.

3 The *Iewes* abjected, yet remain,
Because his *Advent* they dinide,
The *Foolish-Virgins* knockt in vain,
Because, they did not Oyle provide.

But, they still safe, and blessed are,
Who for his *Comings* do prepare.

4 L O R D !

4 L O R D ! so prepare us for that *Feast*,
 Which keep our *Saviours* Birth in mind,
 That, he with us may be a Guest,
 And, we with Him acceptance find,
 When that great *Advent* shall appear,
 Which wicked men and Devils fear.

5 Oh! come L O R D I E S V, come away.
 And (though the World it shall deter)
 Let that thy *Kingdome* come, we pray,
 Whose *coming*, Carnall-men deser.
 And let us wait for with delight,
 That *Advent* which thy Foes doth fright.

H Y M N X X V I.

For the Nativitie of C H R I S T.

This Day is worthily dedicated to the memoriall of our Saviours Nativitie, by which unspeakable Mysterie the G o d-head, and M a n-hood appeared admirably united in one person, without confusion of Natures, or possibilitie of Separation to the unexpressible Benefit of Mankinde; and of that Mysterie somewhat is touched in this Hymn.

A S on the dawning of this Morn,
 To Shepherds, blessed *Angels* told,
 Where, in a Stable he was born,
 Whom neither Earth, nor Heav'n can hold.
 And,

And *Bethlem* streets, as on this day,
Of these most happy *Tidings* rung.
A *Troup* of *Angels* in array,
A *Hymn* of *Glory* also sung.

Chor. *With Angels thus therefore sing we,*
To God on high all Glory be :
His Favour let Mankinde obtain,
And, let on Earth his Peace remain.

2 Hereby we great advantage had.

Us, to exalt, he low was laid.
To strengthen us, he weak was made.
To cloath us, he was *disarray'd*.

Our *Flesh* he took, to cure our *Guilt*.
Our *Griefs* he felt, to give us *Rift* ;
To save our *Lives*, his *Blood* was spilt ;
Our *Curse* he bore to make us blest.

Chor. *With Angels thus, therefore, sing we,*
To God on high, all Glory be.
His Favour, let Mankinde obtain ;
And, let on Earth his Peace remain.

3 The *Bush* did flame, yet burned not;
The *Fleece* was moist, where fell no *Rain* :
A *Son*, was on a *Maid* begot,
Which did a Virgin still remain.

Her *Seed* hath broke the *Serpents* head ;
Whereby, our bruises now are heal'd.
The *Lambe* had of the *Wolfe* no dread :
And *God* and *Man* be reconcil'd.
Chor. *With Angels thus, therefore, sing we,*
To God on high, all Glory be.

His

*His Favor let Mankinde obtain:
And let on Earth his Peace remain.*

HYMN XXXVIII.

Another for the same Day.

Since the Good-head vouchsafed to honour the
Manhood, as to become united thereunto; we are
by this Hymn remembred not to despise those who
are of the same Nature with us, but rather hum-
bly to descend to others for their Good; and to en-
deavour the reparation of our Nature by striving to
conforme it unto CHRIST.

Sing this as the 4. Psalme.

Since all of us, near kinsmen be,
Descended from one Stem,
Why brutishly inclin'd are we,
Our Brethren to contemn ?
He, that both Heav'n and Earth did frame,
Our *Nature*, did not scorn :
But, being *God*, a *Man* became,
And, of a *Maid* was born.
2 *This*, *Men* and *Angels* wondred at ;
(As with good cause they may)
This, therefore, to commemorate,
We set apart this Day.
This Day, we make an *Anniverſe*.
That favour to record ;
And

And,to our Children to reherfe

The Mercies of the L O R D.

3 That moment whereon G O D decreed

To do as he fore-said,

Enabled was the *Womans-SEED*,

To break the *Serpents* head.

And I E S V S C H R I S T, to satisfie,

For our accursed Crimes,

Vouchsaf'd both to be *Borne*,and *Die*,

At his appointed Times.

4 By H I M, *New-born*,so let us be ;

To *Sin*,so let us *Die* ;

That,we may live with *Him*,where *Hee*

Is now enthron'd on high.

As *Hee*,the G o d *head*,for our fake,

With *Man-hood* did aray ;

On *Vs*,his *Nature*,let us take,

As fully,as we may.

5 Whereto,we nearest shall attain,

When we do *Mercy* fliu ;

And,strive those *Longings* to restrain

Which *Flesh* and *Blood* purfue.

We are assured oh Saviour C H R I S T !

Thine *Incarnation* may

Our *Nature*,hereunto assist :

Assist,therefore,we pray.

HYMN

HYMN XXVIII.

For the Circumcision on New years-day.

Our Church solemnizeth this day, in memoriall of our Saviours Circumcision; that taking notice how soone he began to shed his blood for us, and to smart for our Sins, we might be the more thankfull for the same: and be provok'd to repentance, by considering how easie a Sacrament he hath left for our initiation into hi. Church, in stead of that Bloody One.

Sing this as the 10. Commandments.

OH C H R I S T ! this day, thy *Flesh* did bleed,
Mark'd by the Circumcising-knife ;
Because the *Law*, for Mans misdeed
Requir'd that *Earneſt* of his *Life*.

Those *Drops*, prefag'd that *Show'r* of *Blood*,
Which in thine *Agonie* began ;
And that great *Show'r* foreshew'd the *Flood*,
Which from thy *Side*, next morrow ran.

2 L O R D ! let thy smart make us repent.
And, *Circumcized-Hearts* desire.
Yea, by that milder *Sacrament*,
Which follow'd This, thy Grace inspire :

For, He that either is *Baptiz'd*,
Or *Circumeiz'd* in *Flesh* alone.

18.

Is but as one Vncircumeiz'd ;
Or,as an Vn-baptized one.

3 The Year,we now anew begin ;
And *outward-Gifts* received be.
Renew us,also, L O R D, *within*,
And make us *New years-Gifts* to Thee.

So,let us with a passed Year,
Our old Affections lay aside ;
That,we *new-Creatures* may appear,
And in thy *Faith*,and *Fear*,abide

H Y M N X X I X.

For *Twelfe-day*, or the *Epiphanie*.

This day is celebrated in remembrance of the admirable manifestation of our Saviours birth ; and we therefore called the Epiphanie, or Manifestation. It was first discovered from Heaven by Angels, and an heavenly Hoast. To the Gentiles, by a Star in the East : He was afterwards manifested by the Vision of the Holy-Ghost descending on him like a Dove, and by a voice from Heaven. He was also manifested by his Doctrine and Miracles.

Sing this as the L O R D S Prayer.

'**H**e first which brought the blessed News,
That CHRIST, on him, our nature took,
Were certain *Shepherds* of the *Jewes*,
Which did, by night attend their Flock.

That

That they might verifi'd behold
What by their *Prophets* was foretold.

2 The second means, whereby oh CHRIST!
The World, of thee inform'd became,
Was by a *Star*, which in the East
Inform'd the *Gentiles* of the same;

That *Heathen-men* might learn to see,
The *Book of Creatures*, shewsthem *Thee*.

3 A *Voice*, and *Vision* from above,
And many wonders wrought below,
This wondrous *Newes* did further prove,
And have to all confirm'd it so,

That, faithleffe, if we now appear,
We, worse then *Jewes* and *Ethnicks* are.

4 L O R D ! let thy *Paſtors*, and thy *Grace*,
Our *Guiders*, and *Directors* be,
As *Angels*, and a *Star*, once was
To aid, in *manifesting* *Thee*.

And, let us, Thee confesse oh CHRIST!
Our *King*, our *Prophet*, and our *Priest*.

With *Bethlem-Shepherds*, let us feast
Our *Souls*, with Joy, that found thou art.
And with the *Wife-men of the East*
Let us exprefse a Joyfull heart.

The *Song of Angels*, let us sing;
And *Prefents* of *Thanksgiving* bring.

6 *Teares*, which from true *Repentance* drop,
In stead of *Myrrh*, from us receive.
For *Incense*, which they offred up,
Vnfained *Praifes*, let us give.

And,

And,bring for *Gold*,each *pious-Deed*,
Which doth from *saving-Faith* proceed.

7 And,as the *Wise-men*,never went
To visit wicked *Herod* more,
So (finding Thee) let us repent
The *Courfe*,we follow'd heretofore ;
And,let us *homeward* learn to go
That *way*,which thou shalt please to show

H Y M N X X X.

For the Day of the Purification.

*The blessed Virgin Mary having fulfilled the dayes
of her Purification, according to the Law, pre-
sented both her Son, and her appointed Off-spring
in the Temple. This Anniversarie is to com-
memorat her exemplary Obedience, and the presenta-
tion of our Saviour.*

Sing this as the L O R D S Prayer.

NO doubt but She that had the grace
Thee,in her wombe *Lord Christ* to bear,
(And,did all *woman-kinde* surpassee)
Was hallow'd by thy being there :

And,fure,the Birth could not pollute
Where *Holinesse* became the Fruit.

5 Yet,in Obedience to thy *Law*,
Her *Purifying-Rites* were done ;
That we might learn to stand in awe,
How from thy *Discipline* we run :

For

For Souls they have unpurif'd ;
Where due Obedience is den'd.

3 Oh ! keep us L o R D , from judging vain,
What, by thy Word, thou shalt command.

Let us nor censure, nor complain
On what we do not understand :
And guide thy *Church*, that she may still,
Command, according to thy *Will*.

4 With pious uniform consent,
Let us thy Praifes ever sing ;
And keep that *seamleſſe-Robe* unrent,
For which *Prophanneſſe*, Lots would fling.

Preferve us, in thy *Love* and *Fear*,
From our pollutions, alwaies clear.

5 And, as thy blessed *Mother*, went,
(That holy and beloved *Maid*)
Thee, in thy *Temple*, to present,
With perfect *humane-fleſh* arraid ;

So, let us unto thee be brought
With heavenly Graces, fully fraught.

6 Yea, let thy *Church* our *mother-Dear*
(Within whose wombe, new borne we be,)
Before Thee, at her Time appear,
To give her *Children*, up to Thee :

And L o R D ! receive, as hallowed things
HER, and that *Offring*, which she brings.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXI.

For the Time of *Lent*.

*This Observation was first instituted, partly to com-
memorate our Saviours miraculous Fasting,
whereby he satisfied for the Gluttony of our first
Parents: partly to coole the Blood, which at
this time of the yeare is subject to be inflamed
to the endangering of our Health; but it was
chiefly ordained to prepare us rightly to meditate
the Passion of our Saviour, which is usually com-
memorated at the end of our Lent. The Absti-
nence from Flesh at this season, is onely a civil
Ordinance for the better increase and preserva-
tion of the Creatures upon the land, for our temporall
profit.*

Sing this as the 10. Commandements.

THy wondrous *Fasting* to record,
And our unruly *Flesh* to tame,
A Holy *Fast*, to thee, oh L O R D !
We have intended in thy *Name*.
O sanctifie it so, we pray,
That Honour may redound to Thee;
And so dispose us, that it may
To our advantage, likewise be.
2 Let us not grudgingly abstain;
Nor secretly, the Gluttons play.

Nor

Nor openly, for glory vain,
This usefull Discipline obey.

But, let us *Fast*, as thou hast taught,
Thy *Rule*, observing, in each part,
With such Intentions as we ought ;
And with true singlenesse of Heart.

3 So, Thou shalt our Devotions blesse,
And make this *Discipline* to be
A means those Lustings to suppress,
Which hinder us in serving Thee.

And, though our strictest *Fastings* faile,
To merit, of themselves, thy Grace ;
Yet, they, to make for our availe,
By thy *Deservings*, may have place.

4 True *Fastings*, helpfull oft have bin,
The wanton *Flesh* to mortifie :
But, they take off no guilt of *Sin* ;
Nor can we merit ought thereby.

It is thine abstinence oh C H R I S T !
And thine alone, that merit must ;
For, when our works are at the best,
We perish, if in them we trust.

H Y M N X X X I I.

For the *Anuntiation*.

*The Church dedicates this Day to commemorate the
Anuntiation of the Blessed Virgin, who was
about*

about this Time of the yeare saluted by the Angell Gabriel. It minideth us to praise G o D for the unexpressible Mystery of our Saviours conception, which was the happy newes brought unto his Mother, by that Angell.

Sing this as the 100. Psalme.

O Vr hearts,oh blessed G o D ! incline
Thy true Affection to embrace,
And,that *Humility* divine,
Which for our fakes uouchsafed was.

Thy *Goodnesse*,teach us to put on
As with our *Nature* thou wert clad ;
And,so to heed thy Favours done,
That,we may praife Thee, and be glad.

2 For,thou didſt not alone depute
Thy holy *Angell* from above,
An humble *Virgin*,to salute
With an embassage of thy Love ;

But thou theſe *Glories* laying by,
Which none hath pow'r to comprehend ;
Didſt also,then,moſt wondrouſly,
Into that *Virgines* wombe descend.

3 Vouchſafe thou,likewiſe,thy *Respect*,
To our despis'd, and low Degree ;
And L o R D ! oh, do not us neglect,
Though worthy of contempt we be.

But,by thy *Meffengers* prepare,
And, hallow fo,our hearts,we pray,
That, thou may'ſt be conceived there ;
And,that, *Faith's* fruits,bring forth we may.

O HYMN

H Y M N X X X I I I.

For *Palme-Sunday.*

Palme-Sunday is called so, because it commemo-
rates the day, wherein Iesus Christ rode in Tri-
umph to Jerusalem, his way being strewed with
Garments, and Branches of the Palme-tree. It
was indeed, the Day of proclaiming him King
(though few considered it) as the Fryday following
was the day of his Coronation, and worthily are
these Mysteries remembred this Day.

Sing this as the Magnificat.

V V Hen C H R I S T unto Jerusalem,
To Suffer, meekly rode ;
The Waies, and Streets, were then, for Him,
With Palme, and Robes beslrow'd.
And, though the Steed he did beslride,
Was but a filly *Affe* ;
H O S A N N A to the King, they cri'd,
As He along did passe.
2 His Glory, and his Royall-Right,
Through Povertie did shine :
And shew'd (in Earthly Pomps despight)
A Majestie Divine.
For, though his greatest Foes did frown,
He exercis'd his pow'r,
Till

Till *He himself* did lay it down,
At his appointed how'r.

3 Possession of his *House* he got ;
The *Merchants*, thence expel'd :

Yea, though the *Priests* did rage thereat,
He, there, his *Lectures* held.

And, they in *Wit*, or *Faith*, were dull,
Who doubted what *He* was ;

When *Deeds* they saw so powerfull,
By *Weaknesse*, brought to passe.

4 Lo R D ! when to us thou drawest nigh,
Thee, let us learn to know ;

And, to receive Thee Joyfully,
Though mean, in outward shew.

Yea, though the Rich, and worldly-wise,
When we thy praise do sing,

Both *Us*, and *Thee*, therefore, despise.
Declare thy selfe our *King*.

H Y M N XXXIIII.

For Thursday before *Easter*.

On this day, C U R R I S T i n s t i t u t e d the Sacra-
ment of his Last-Supper ; w a s h e d his Disci-
ples feet ; p r a y e d for them, and all the Faithfull ;
i n s t r u c t e d, w a r n e d, e x h o r t e d, c o u n s e l l e d and c o m-
f o r t e d them before his approaching Death, and
R e s u r r e c t i o n, &c. In c o m m e m o r a t i o n of these,
a n d o t h e r p e r t i n e n t C i r c u m s t a n c e s p r e c e d i n g his
P a s s i o n, we do yearly observe thi s Day.

O 2

Sing

Sing this as the L O R D S Prayer.

A Holy *Sacrament*, this day,
To us, thou didst, ô **Do LoRD!** bequeath,
That, by the same, preserve we may
A due memorall of thy Death :

And, that we might thereby, to Thee
Misteriously united be.

2 Thy *holy-Supper* being done.
Thou washedst thy *Disciples* feet ;
Thereby, informing every one
What *Lowliness* for thefe is meet,

Who thy *Disciples* would be thought.
(Thy practise foll'wing, as they ought)

3 This Day, thou, didst, moreover spend,
To *Counsell, Comfort*, and to *Pray*,
That, *Satan* might not gain his end,
While *Death* remooved Thee away.

Then, as by thee, it was forefaid ;
That night, thy *Servant*, Thee betraide.

4 Yea, they, that night from Thee did fly,
Who promis'd constaft to abide :
Ev'n He, who vow'd for Thee to dye,
With Oaths and Curses, thee deni'd.

To shew that we foон fall from grace,
If in our felves, our Trust we place.

5 Sweet *Iesus!* teach us to conceive,
What Grief thou felt'ft, when thou didst hear,
Thy vowed *Friend*, his Faith to leave ;
And, in thy prefence, Thee forswear :

That,

That,we our *vowes*,may better keep ;
And,for our *past-denials* weep.

6 L O R D, ev'ry passage of this day,
Within our hearts ingrave thou fo,
That,we thereby remember may,
Our duties faithfully to doe ;
And let our *Love*,oh *G o d* ! to Thee,
In Life, and Death, unchanged be.

H Y M N X X X V.

For *Fryday before Easter*

This day we memorize the unsufferable Passion of Iefus Christ, who about this time of the yeare, and on this day of the weeke, was despightfully crucified by Pilat and the Jewes. Every day we ought to meditate the same. But this Day most Congregations meet in a publike Commemoration thereof, to provoke each other to compunction of heart; and to give an occasion to such as are heedleſſe or ignorant thereof, to be better acquainted therewith.

*Sing this as the 51. *Pſalme*.*

YOU that regardleſſe,paſſe along,
And are unmindfull of this *Day* :
Give eare unto my dolefull Song,
And,heedfull be what now I say.

A Tragick Story, ſing I ſhall,
Which nearly doth concern us all :

O 3 The

The like was never heard before ;
Nor shall be told, for evermore.

2 The nobleſt Prince that e're wore Crown,
Beyond all basenesſe was abuſ'd :
The trueſt Friend, that e're was known,
Worſe then the cruelſt Foe was uſ'd.

He, that offend'd not in ought,
(By *Deed*, by *Word*, or by a *Thought*)
Tormented was, for all the Crimes,
Of *Present*, *Paſt*, or *Future-Times*.

3 They for whose Grief, he ſadly wept,
Purſu'd his *Life*, who fought their *Good*.
To miſchieve him, ſtrict watch they kept ;
And, thirſted for his precious blood.

Yet, he continued loving, ſtill ;
To them, repaying *Good* for *Ill*.
Yea, Them, when he might have orethrown ;
To ſave their lives, he gave his own.

4 They who moſt Friendship ſhould have
With deep unkindnes, peirc'd his heart. (ſhown
He made his dear affection known ;
And they diſpifed his defart.

For him, they fnares and Engines lay'd ;
With ſhowes of Love, they him betraide.
And, ſwords and ſtaues (as to a Thief)
They brought to apprehend their Chief.

5 Him, they expoſe to all disgrace ;
They buffet him, for Juſt replies :
They ſpit their Filth into his Face,
Againſt him *Faſhhoods*, they deſiſe.

For

For being *silent*, him they blame.

For speaking Truth, they do the fame.

They Jeer, they scorn, they him revile.

And, he fits quiet, all the while.

6 His Garments, then, from him, they strip'd

(So sad a fight, was never seen)

And, their true *Prince*, with Rods, they whipt,

As if a Bondslave he had been.

In purple they clothed him ;

And for a princely *Diadem*,

They crown'd him, with a *wreath* of Thorn ;

And, called Him, their *King*, in scorn.

7 To view him in so sad a plight,

In them, it could no pitty breed ;

But, they rejoiced at the fight,

And, in their Malice, did proceed.

Away with him ; away, they cri'd.

And, call'd to have him crucifide.

Yea, rather then they him would fave,

Vnto a *Murthrer*, life they gave.

8 A weighty *Croffe* upon his back,

(Late rent with wounds they rudely laid :

Which he to bear did undertake,

Till him, that Burthen over-weigh'd

The *Son of G o D*, the *Life of Men*,

Vnto that *Croffe*, they nayled then :

And in the view of all the Throng,

By his torn *Hands*, and *Feet* he hung.

9 Could I in words, his pain relate

As to my heart, the same appears ;

O 4 Each

Each hearer would be mov'd thereat,
To shed,at least a shov'r of Teares.

For,when his torments were at height,

They still pursu'd him with despight,
And,still,what e're they *Did or said*,
To torture *Him*,for them he pray'd.

10 He was abus'd,or left of all.

Some, did his pious works deride :
To comfort him,some gave him gall :
Some flouted,when to G o D he cri'd.

Few seem'd so touched with his Grief,

As was one tender-hearted Thief ;
And He,who to conclude his smart,
Did thrust a Jav'lin to his Heart.

11 Although his *Love* immortall were,
It was our *Flesh* that then he wore
Which could not endles torments bear :
Thereon,their *Spight* prevail'd therefore.

And,then the *Lambe* foretipifi'd

By that,which for yong *Isaack* di'd,
Gave up the Ghost, and so defray'd
Our debt,which we could nea'r have paid.

12 His Death,(though much it mov'd not man,)
Did make the *Sun* his Light restrain ;
The fixed *Earth* to quake began ;
The *Temple-Vaile* was rent in twain :

It caus'd the hardest Rocks to crack ;

The Closets of the *Dead* it brake ;
And of their Graves,they did arise,
And shew themselfes to mortall eies.

13 Then,

13 Then, did his Foes begin to fear
Which Fear, in some Despaire begot ;
Some were amaz'd ; some hopefull were,
Some raged, and relented not.

His Friends, whose Faith this triall shook,
Renew'd lost Hopes; new courage took ;
Yet feared more, then they beleev'd ;
Till him revived, they perceived.

14 Let all of us, who present be
With loving Hearts, this *Prince* embrace.
For by his *Death*, alive are we ;
And by his *Pains*, we gained Grace.

In Him, whom *Pilat* crucifi'd,
All this was truly verifi'd ;
In Him, therefore, so let us live,
That, *Life-eternal* he may give.

15 Our Sins did help (as on this Day)
With Whips, and Thorns to make him smart,
They help to take his life away.
Our want of *Love*, did wound his Heart.

And, though the *Iewes* despight we blame ;
We were partakers in the fame.
Oh ! let us, now, partake no more
In their offence, as heretofore.

H Y M N X X X V I.

For Easter-Day.

This Day is kept in memoriall of our Saviours blessed Resurrection, whereby the Church (as members with their Head) began a Joyfull Triumph over Sin, Death, and the Devill. And this Annuall Commemoration, was thought helpfull, both to stir up thankfull rejoycings in those to whom this is knowne, and to be a means also to make some take knowledge of it, who are yet Strangers to these Mysterie.

Sing this as the 100 Psalme, without the Chorus.

THIS is the *Day*, the **L O R D**, hath made,
And, therein, joyfull we will be :
For, from the black Infernall Shade,
In Triumph, back return'd is he.

The Snares of *Satan*, and of *Death*,
He hath victoriously undone :
And his Opposers, forc'd he hath
His *Triumphs* to attend upon.

Cho. *This is the Day the L O R D hath made:*
Come ; let us now, therein be glad.

2 The *Grave*, which all did once detest,
And thought, a Dungeon full of Fear ;
Is now become the *House of Rest*,
And, no such Terrors harbor there.

For,

For CHRIST our L O R D , hath took away
The Horrors, of that lothsome Den
And, since his *Resurrection-Day*,
The *Faithfull* find no Fears therein.

Cho. *This is the Day, the L O R D hath made:*
Come; let us, now, therein be glad.

3 His bitter mocks, his painfull smart,
Hath Praife and Ease for us procur'd.
And, to our Joy, we may convert,
What, he with broken Heart endur'd.

His *Body*, now, is made a Food,
Our fainting *Spirits* to refresh :
And, we are by his precious *Blood*,
Refined both in *Soul* and *Flesh*.

Cho. *This is the Day, the L O R D hath made:*
Come; let us, now, therein be glad.

4 His *Wounds* that were both deep and wide,
To us, the *Caves* of Refuge are.
There, from *Pursuers*, we may hide,
And scape our Lifes destroyer there.

Now, know we, that (as was foretold)
His Flesh did no corruption see:
And, that, *Hell* wanted strength to hold
So strong, and blest a *Prince* as he.

Cho. *This is the Day, the L O R D hath made:*
Come; let us all, therein, be glad.

5 Oh ! let us praife his *Name*, therefore,
Who this renowned Conquest won :
For, we had else for evermore,
Been everlastingly, undone.

Whereas,

Whereas,emboldned now we grow,
 Triumphanty,to say or sing,
 Oh *Hell!* where is thy *Conquest* now?
 And,where (oh Death ! is now thy *fling*?
 Cho. *This is the Day,ihe LoRD hath made,*
Come,let us now,therein be glad.

H Y M N XXXVII.

For Ascention Day.

*After our Saviour was risen from the Dead ; and
 had many times shewd himselfe to his Disciples,
 he ascended visibly up into heaven in their presencee.
 In memoriall of which Ascention ; and,to praise
 G O D for so exalting the humane-Nature, we
 celebrate this Day.*

Sing this as the 117. Psalme.

TO G O D, with heart, and cheerfull voice,
 A *Triumph-Song*, we sing ;
 And, with true *Thankfulnes* rejoice
 In our Almighty King.
 We to his *Glory* will record
 (Who are but dust and clay)
 What Honour he did us afford,
 On his *Ascention-Day*.
 2 The *humane-Nature*, which of late,
 Beneath his *Angels* was ;

He

He called up, from that estate,
Vnto a higher Place.
For, at *Mans* feet all Creatures bow :
To him, they subiect be :
And, at G o d's right hand, throned now,
In Glorie, sitteth He.
3 Our L o r d, and brother, who put on
Such Flesh as this we wear ;
Before us, up to Heav'n is gone,
Our Places to prepare.
Captivitie, was captive then,
And, He doth from above,
Send Ghostly-Prefents down to Men ;
For *Tokens* of his *Love*.
4 Each *Doore*, and *Everlastling-Gate*,
To him, hath lifted bin ;
And, in a glorious-wife, thereat,
Our King is entred in.
Whom, if to follow we regard ;
With Love, and leave we may :
For, he hath all the means prepar'd ;
And made an open way.
5 Then follow ; follow on apace
Our Captain to attend ;
In that supream and bleffed Place,
Whereto he did aſcend.
And, for his Honour, let our Voice
A shout, fo heartie make ;
That *Heav'n* may at our Joy rejoice,
And *Hells* foundation ſhake.

H Y M N

H Y M N X X X V I I .

For Pentecost, or Whitsunday.

At the Jewes Pentecost, which was the fiftieth Day after their Pasche, and the Resurrection of Iesu Christ, the Holy-Ghost, our Comforter, was miraculoufly sent downe upon the Disciples, in a visible Forme ; replenishing them with Spirituall Gifts, for the edification of his Church. We therefore obserue this Day in remembrance of that Mysterie.

Sing this as the former.

VVE do acknowledge thee, oh L O R D !
 Vpright in all thy waies ;
 And, that the firmnes of thy *Word*,
 Well merits endlesse praise.
 For, as by Thee, it was made known,
 Before thou hence didst goe,
 Thou sentst thy *Holy-Spirit* down,
 Thy Favours, to bestow.
 2 While thy *Disciples* in thy name,
 Together did retire ;
 The *Holy-Ghost* upon them came,
 In *cloven-Tongues* of *Fire*.
 That, in their *Calling*, they might be
 Confirmed, from above,

As

As Thou wert, when he came on Thee
Descending like a *Dove*.

3 Whereby, they who unletter'd were,
And, fearfull, till that how'r,
Inspir'd with prudence, did appear,
And, fortifi'd with pow'r.

Yea, *Gifts* he gave, so manifold,
That, since Tim's Round begun ;
A wonder never hath been told,
Which did exceed this *one*.

4 Oh, let this blessed *Spirit, L O R D* !
To us thy fervants, here,
A portion of that Grace afford,
Which doth in Thine appear.

To us, thy *Dovelike* meeknes lend,
That humble we may be ;
And by thy pure white wings, ascend
Our Saviour C H R I S T, to fee.

5 Like *Cloven-Tongues*, vouchsafe we pray
So to Descend agen,
That, Saving-Grace we publish may ;
And preach down Sin, in men.

Yea, let thy *sanctifying-Fire*,
Inflame us from above :
Burn up in us, all vain *Desire* ;
And warme our hearts with *Love*.

6 Be pleased, likewise, to bestow
On us, thy sacred *Peace* ;
That, *Unitie* may stronger grow,
And our *Debates* decrease.

Which

Which *Peace*, if any do contemn,
 Reformed let them be ;
 That, we may, L o R D, have part in Them,
 And *We*, and They, in *Thee*.

HYMN XXXIX.

For *Trinitie-Sunday*.

*After the Arrian Heretie had troubled many with
 doubts concerning the Mysterie of the Blessed
 Trinitie. It seemed convenient to some Chur-
 ches, that one Day should yearly be set apart, both
 to commemorate, and instruct us concerning this
 Mysterie. To which end we observe the Sunday
 next after Witsunday, and others, the Sunday
 next before the Advent.*

Sing this as the Lords Prayer.

THey, ô thrice Holy, *Three in One!*
 Who seek thy nature to explain,
 By Means to Humane Reason known ;
 Shall find their Labour spent in vain.
 And, that they might contain, as well,
 The British Ocean in a shell.
 2 More, therefore, then we may conceive,
 We will not curious be to know :
 But rather, when thou bid'st us to believe,
 Obey, and let uain Reas'ning goe.

For,

For, far more sure, *Faith's* Objects be ;
Then those, which *Reasons* eies do see.

3 Yet, as by looking on the *Sun*,
(Though to his Essence, we are blinde)
And by the *Course*, we see him run,
We may of him, true *Notions* find.

So; what thy *Brightnes* doth conceal,
Thy *Word*, and *Works* (in part) reveal.

4 Most *Glorious-Effince*, we confess
In Thee (whom by *Faith's* eies we view)
Three Persons, neither moe, nor lesse,
Whose *Workings*, them, distinctly shew :

And, sure we are those *Persons Three*,
One God (and but *one God-head* be)

4 The *Sun*, a *Motion* hath, we know,

That *Motion* shews to us his *Light*.

The *Heat* proceedeth from those two.

Each, works his proper *Works* aright.

The *Motion* drawes out Time, a Line ;

The *Heat* doth *warm*; The *Light* doth *shine*.

6 But though this *Motion*, *Light*, and *Heat*,
Distinctly, by themselves we take,
Each in the other hath his seat ;
And, but *one S v x*, these *Three* do make.

For, whatsoe're the *One* will do,

It worketh by the other *Two*.

7 So, in the *G o d head*, there is knit

A wondrous *Threefold-Truelove knot* ;

And perfect *Union* fastens it,

Though *Fleſh* and *Blood* conceive it not ;

And

And what is by One *Person* done,
Is wrought by all the *Three-in-One*.

8 Their *Works* they joynly do pursue,
Though they their *Offices* divide ;
And though, as things distinctly due,
Some Attributes may be appli'd.

For, One in *Substance*, they are still ;
In *Virtue*, One, and one in *Will*.

9 Eternall all these *Persons* be ;
And, yet, Eternall, there's but *One*.
So likewise, *Infinite* all *Three* ;
Yet, *Infinite*, but *One*, alone.

And, neither, any thing doth misse,
Which of the *God-heads* ESSENCE is.

In *Vnitie*, and *Trinitie*,
Thus (oh C REATOR) we adore
Thine ever-praised DEITIE ;
And, Thee confessie, for evermore,
One FATHER, one *begotten* SON ;
One HOLY-GHOST, in *God-head* one

H Y M N X L.

For All-Saints-Day.

This Day we commemorate the Mystery of the Communion of S A I N T S, which shall be made perfect, when the holy Trinitie, The Angels and all the H O L I E S and blessed Elect of G o d shall be incorporated into a joyfull, and unspeakable, and

and inseparabe Vnion, in the Kingdome of Heaven, which the Almighty hafstn. Amen.

Sing this as the former.

NO Blisse can so contenting prove,
As unverfall-Love, to gaine,
If we, with Full-requiting-Love,
Could such Affection entertain.

But, such a Love, the Heart of Man,
Nor comprehend, nor merit can.

2 For, though to all we might be dear,
(Which, cannot in this Life, befall)
We discontented should appear,
Because, we had not heart for all ;

That we might all men Love, as we
Beloved, would of all men be.

3 For, Love in Loving, Joyes as much,
As, Love for Loving to obtain.
The perfect Love, is alway such,
And cannot part it Self in twain ;

Or Love receive; but where it may
With Truest Love, True-Love repay.

4 Love cannot in it self be two.
The Object of True Love, therefore,
An Unite is, which cannot grow
To be in E S S E N C E, two, or more.

In Rivals-Loves, no Love is known.
And Love-divided, loveth none.

5 By Love in Friction, vext are we
Whil'st here on earth we do remain ;

And

And if in Heav'n such *Love* could be,
Sure Heav'n would be a place of pain,
And, *Saints*, perhaps, would jealous prove,
Of *Gods*, or of each others *Love*.

6 But, *He* whose wisdom hath contriv'd,
His Glorie with our full content
Hath from himself a means deriv'd,
Our Loves distractions to prevent.

One Body of all *Saints* he makes;
And, for his *Bride*, that *One*, he takes.

7 So, ev'ry member doth obtain
Full *Love* from *all*, returning too,
Full to *All*, of them again,
As members of one Body do;

None Jealous; but, all striving how
Most *Love* to others to allow.

8 For, as the *Soul* is *All* in *All*,
(And, *All* through ev'ry member too)
Love, in that *Body-Mysticall*;
Is as the *Soul*, and fills it so:

Uniting them to *God*, as near,
As to each other, they are dear.

9 The *Love* they want to entertain
Such overflowing *Love* as his,
He adds; which they return again
To make up *Love* which perfect is.

That, he may his own *Love* employ,
And, both find perfect *Love* and *Joy*.

10 The seed of this Content was sown
When *God*, the spacious world did frame;
And,

And,ever since,that feed hath grown,
To be an Honour to his *Name*.

And,when the S A I N T S are fealed all,
This hidden Truth unfeal he shall.

11 Meanwhile,as when Woods,Hils and Seas,
In Landskip shadow'd forth,we shew,
And,therewithall our Fancies please,
Though we their substance do not view :

So, *Contemplations-Map* may shew,
Dim sights,of that which we shall know.

12 And,though our Hearts too shallow be,
That blest *Communion* to conceive,
Whereof,in Heav'n we shall be free,
Let us,on Earth together cleave ;

Since none shall taft that Blessing,there,
But,they who live in *Union* here.

13 There,all those *Angels* we admir'd,
With ev'ry *Saint*,since Time begun,
(Whose Love, and Sight,we have desir'd)
Shall joyned be with us,in One ;

And We, and They, and they, and We,
To G O D himself espouz'd shall be.

14 Oh ! therefore,let us watch and pray,
With *Lamps*,and *Oyle*,still so prepar'd,
That, on the L A M B S great Marriage-day,
We be not from this *Wedding* barr'd ;

But,find a free Admittance there,
Where G O D, and all his HOLIES are.

H Y M N

HYMN XLI.

For St. Andrewes-Day.

This Day we praise G o d for the Benefit which his Church obtained by the Calling, and Ministry of his Apostle Andrew ; and we are hereby remembred, so to obserue his Readinesse to follow and preach Christ, that we may be stirred up to imitate the same.

Sing this as the 10. Commandments.

WHil'st Andrew, as a Fisher sought From pinching want, his Life to free ; CHRIST call'd him, that he might be taught, *A Fisher-man of men*, to be.

And no delay therein, he made ; Nor questioned his Lo R D S intent ; But, quite forsaking all he had, With him that called, gladly went.

2 Would G o d, we were prepared fo, To follow C H R I S T, when he doth call ; And, could as readily forgoe Those Nets, which we are snar'd withall.

Yea, would this *Fisherman of men*, Might us by his example move, To leave the World, as he did then ; And by our *W*orks, our *Faith* approve.

3 But,

3 But, *Precepts* and *Examples* fail,
Till thou,oh L o R D ! thy Grace inspir'st :
Vouchsafe it, and we shall prevale,
In whatsoever thou requir'st.

Yea,we shall then that *Good* perceive,
Which in thy *Service*, we may find ;
And,for thy fake,be glad to leave
Our *Nets*,and all our *Trash* behind.

H Y M N X L I I .

For St. *Thomas* his Day.

We set apart this day, to praise G o d, for the Ministry of his Apostle St. Thomas ; and that occasion may be thereby given to strengthen our Faith, by an Annuall commemoration of that part of the Evangelicall Story, which mentioneth aswell this Apostles doubtings, as the confirmation of his faith, by a sensible demonstration of Christs Resurrection.

Sing this as the L O R D S Prayer.

W Hen *Christ* from Death,to life did rise,
And *Thomas* heard that wonder told ;
He said he would not trust his Eies,
Though Him,they living,should behold ;
Till with his Fingers,he had tri'd,
His pierced hands, and wounded side.
2 His

2 His gracious *Master* did permit
 The Proof, his Fraltie fought to take ;
 That, others might assurance get,
 Of that, whereof he doubts did make.

And we more strength by him have got,
 Then by their *Faith* who doubted not.

3 Oh ! blessed GOD, how wife thou art !
 And, how confoundest thou thy Foes !
 Who their Temptations do'st convert
 To work that End, which they oppose.

When *Satan* seeks our *Faith* to shake,
 The former, he the same doth make.

4 Still when to Sins he tempteth us,
 To his Confusion, let it be ;
 To our Advantage, turn it thus ;
 And, let it bring us home to Thee.

Yet, let us hate and shun all Sin,
 As if, our mischief, it had bin.

H Y M N X L I I I.

For St. *Stephens-Day*.

Stephen was one of the seven Deacons mentioned
 Act. 6, and the first Martyr of Iesus C H R I S T.
 Hee powerfully maintained the Gospell by
 dispute, and sealed the Truth with his Blood: For
 which G O D is gloryed by this Dayes observa-
 tion, and others by his exemplarie Confiancie re-
 membered

Sing this as the former.

LORD! with what Zeal, did *Stephen* breath
Thy *Truth* to such as him withstood?
How stoutly did he meet his Death,
To Seal thy *Gospel*, with his blood?

This *Constancie*, thy *Grace* hath Crown'd;
And, by so *Dying*; *Life* he found.

2 Much *Love*, did in that *Saint* appear,
When for his *Murthurers*, he fu'd:
And, *Faith* had made his Eye-fight clear,
When thee, inthron'd in heav'n, he view'd.

In *Torments*, he true *Patience* kept;
And, *di'd*, as if he had but *slept*.

3 With his hot *Zeal*, our *Hearts* inflame;
So *kinde*, so *constant*, let us be:
In *life*, so let us *Praise* thy *Name*,
In *Death*, so let us *looke* on Thee:

And, when our *Sleep*, in *Death* we take,
With him, to *Life*, let us awake.

HYMN XLIV.

For S. *John* the *Evangelist* his Day.

We solemnize this Day to praise G O D for his bleſſed Evangelist, and beloved Disciple John, who was one of the moſt powerfull Instruments of the Churches illumination, and Consolation. For, by HIm, the Divinitie of C H R I S T, and the moſt

P

moſt

*most comfortable mysteries of our Redemption,
are most evidently witnessed.*

Sing this as the 10. Commandments.

BY his Examples, teach us L o R D,
For whom we honour Thee this Day.
His *Witness*, of th' *Incarnate-Word*,
Continue in thy *Church*, for aye.

As he, likewise, beloved was,
And, therefore, leaned on thy brest ;
So, let us, L o R D, enjoy thy Grace ;
And, on thy sacred *Bosome*, rest.
2 Breathe into us, that *Life-divine*,
Whose Testimonie, he intends ;
About us, cause thy *Light* to shine ;
That *Light*, which no man comprehends.

And, let that *ever-blessed-word*,
Which, all things did create, of nought,
Anew, create us, now, oh L o R D !
Who are by *Sin*, to ruine brought.

3 Our sins, we heartily confess,
Thy pardon, therefore, let us have.
Thy *Saving-faith* we do profess ;
Vs, to thy *Fellowship*, receive.

And, as to us, thy *Servant* gives
The means to know and honour Thee ;
So, let oh L o R D ! our *words* and *lives*,
Both *Lights*, and *Guides*, to others, be.

H Y M N

H Y M N X L V.
For Innocents Day.

*In honour of the Almighty-Providence, this Day
is obserued by our Church, who upon this Day
memorizeth our Saviours preservation from He-
rods crueltie, when he slew the Innocent Children
in Bethlehem, and the parts adjoyning. And we
are thereby put in minde, how vainly, the Devill,
and his members, rage againſt G o d, and his
Decrees.*

Sing this as the former.

THAT Rage, (as *David* fore declar'd)

Which did the *Gentiles* Fury shew;

By *Herod* then fulfilled was

When blameleſſe *Innocents* he flew.

And, madly they purſude in vain,

What they had curſedly contriv'd;

For, *He* whom *Herod* would have slain;

Him, and his Malice, overliv'd.

2 Still, thus, vouchſafe thou to restrain,

All Tirants, L o R D, purſuing Thee.

Let ill conceptions, thus, be slain,

That, Thou in us, preferv'd mayſt be.

So whilſt we ſhall enjoy our breath,

We of thy Grace, our *Songs* will frame;

And, as thoſe *Infants*, by our Death

We hope to glorifie thy *Name*.

P 2

3 Thoſe

3 These many suffred Death, for *One* ;
 That *One*, for them, and others dide.
 And, what they felt in *Act*, alone ;
He, did in *Will*, and *Act*, abide.

Lo R D, grant that what thou hast decreed,
 In *Will*, and *Act*, we may fulfill :
 And, though we reach not to the *Decr*,
 From us, oh G o D, accept the *Will*.

HYMN XLVI.

For the Conversion of Saint *Paul*.

Paul, having been a cruell Persecutor, was extraordi-
 narily called, to be an Apostle to Preach the
 Faith which he had persecuted ; and of a Wolfe
 became a Pastor ; and the most laborious in the
 Vineyard of C H R I S T : which Mercy of God,
 is here commemorated to his praise, and for our
 comfort.

Sing this as the former.

A Convert, and Conversion strange
 Was made, when *Saul*, a *Paul* became :
 And, Lo R D, for making such a change,
 We praise, and glorifie thy Name.

For, whilst he went from place to place,
 To persecute thy Church and Thee ;
 He was reclaimed by thy Grace,
 A Preacher of thy Truth to be.

2 Lo R D, when from thee we go astray,
 Or injure Truth, by blinded Zeal,

Vouch-

Vouchsafe to stop us in that way;
And, then, thy *Will*, to us reveal.

Disclose that *Brightnesse* from above,
Which proves the Sensuall Eye-fight blind;
And, from our Eyes, the skales remove,
That hinder us, thy way to finde.

3 And, as thy bleſſed Servant *Paul*,
(When thy Disciple he became)
Exceeded thy *Apoſtles*, all,
In painfull preaching of thy *Name*.

So, grant, that we, who have in Sin
Exceeded others heretofore,
The start of them, in *Faith*, may win ;
Love, *Serve*, and *Honour* thee, the more.

HYMN XLVII.

For Saint *Matthias* his Day.

This Day is observed in memoriall of God's Justice, manifested in discovering and punishing Judas Iscariot for abusing his Apostleship; and, for his Mercy in electing Matthias, a faithfull Pastor in his Roome. It gives us Occasion also, to consider what hangs over their heads, who abuse their Divine-Calling.

Sing this as the 4 Psalm.

VVhen one of thine, did false become,
And, his high place abuse :

P 3 Thou

318 *Hymn XLVIII. Part.2.*

Thou left'st him, L O R D, and in his Roome,
 Did'st just *Matthias* chuse,
 So,if within thy *Church* this day,
 Vnfaithfull *Pastors* dwell,
 To Them, Repentance grant,we pray,
 Or,them, with speed, expell.
 2 Though, horned like the *Lambe* they shew,
 Though, *Sheep-like*, cloth'd they be ;
 Let us their *Dragon-language* know,
 And, *Woolvish-nature* see.
 And, caufe thy *Lots* to fall on thofe,
 (Thy Flocks to undertake)
 Who ſhall their manners well compose
 And, thereof Conscience make.
 3 Let us likewife, his *fall*, ſo heed
 Whofe Place, *Matthias* got ;
 And,with ſuch loving Awe proceed,
 That,we deny Thee not.
 For, *Titles* be they nev'r ſo high,
Rare-Gifts, or *Sacred-Place*,
 Shall no mans *Person* sanctifie,
 Without thy *Speciaſt-Grace*.

H Y M N X L V I I I .

For Saint *Marks* Day.

*This day is appointed to praife G o d, for the Glad
 tidings of his Gospel, delivered to the Church
 by his bleſſed Evangelist MARK : by whofe Testi-
 mony*

mony that Saving-Truth, is confirmed and Illustrated unto us.

Sing this as the 100. Psalme.

For those blest Pen-men of thy Word,
Who have Evangeliz'd of Thee,
We magnifie thy Name oh Lord!
And, thankfull, we desire to be.

The Welcome News, thy Gospel brings,
With joyfull Hearts, we do embrace ;
And, prize above all earthly Things,
That Precious Earnest of thy Grace.

2 This Matchleffe Jem, that we may buy
Let us with gladnesse, Cost bestow,
Our vain Self-love, let us deny,
And, let the Worlds False-honours go.

Although from Heavn an Angel come
To preach another Gospel, here,
Let us not entertain the same
Nor lend thereto a willing eare.

3 Lord, we are now affected thus ;
But, in performance, we are fraile ;
Too craftie is our Foe for us,
And (if thou help not) may prevaile.

Enable us, therefore, to Judge, and know,
(When we new-Doctrines do receive)
If they agreeing be, or no,
To what a Christian should beleeve.

H Y M N X L I X.

For Saint *Philip* and *Jacobs* Day.

The Church upon this Day taketh Occasion to offer to our Consideration, some of these Mysteries of Saving Faith, which were delivered unto her by the Ministry of the Apostles Philip, and Jacob, that we might the better beare in minde their Counsels, and be thankfull unto G O D for them.

Sing this as the former.

BY Thee were thy *Disciples* taught,
What they, oh C H R I S T, should *do* ;
What, likewise to *Believe*, they ought,
Thy *Spirit* shew'd them too.
The Truths which unto them were shewn,
Have been dispos'd of thus ;
They, unto others made them known ;
From Those, they came to us.
2 Thus they have taught ; and thus we say ;
(And, therein will abide)
Thou art the *Life*, and *Truthfull-way*,
Which unto *Life* doth guide.
By *Thee*, the *Father* we have known,
Whom thou descendest from ;
And unto *Him*, by *Thee*, alone,
We hopefull are to come.
3 This, thou to *Philip* did impart,
(And, this our Faith shall be)
That

That, Thou within the *Father* art,
 And, that, *He* dwels in *Thee*.
 Of whom, what ever we in faith,
 And, in thy *Name*, require,
 We shall obtain (thy promise faith)
 As we ourselvess desire.

4 Now, therefore, L O R D, of thee we crave,
 That, we more Fruit may shew
 Of that which we received have ;
 And, much more thankfull grow.
 That so the Truth we have beleev'd
 May not be taken from
 These Kingdomes ; but, be here receiv'd
 Vntill thy *Kingdome* come.

H Y M N L.

For Saint *Barnabas* Day.

Barnabas, together with Saint Paul, was by the
 Holy-Ghost extraordinarily separated for the Mi-
 nistry of the Gospel, and confirmed in the Apo-
 stleship, by the ordinary Discipline of laying on of
 hands ; for which we take occasion to praise G O D,
 upon this Day.

Sing this as the 10. Commandments.

R Ich Gifts, and Graces manifold,
 To many, thou, oh L O R D, haſt lent,
 Of late, and in the Dayes of old,
 To teach us *Faith*, and to repent.

P 5

The

Thy *Prophets* thou did'st first ordain ;
And, they as *Legats* did appear.

Then, with an *Apostolike-Train*,
In person, thou, a while, wert here.

3 For *Legier*, when thou went'st away,
The *Holy-Ghost* thou did'st appoint,
Who, for thy Service (to this Day)
From Time to Time, did some anoint.

So likewise, brought it was to passe ;
That, to confirm what had been taught,
An *Army-royall*, press'd was,
Of *Martyrs*, who thy Battels fought.

3 For *Those*, and *Him*, for whom we thus
Are met to praise thy *Name* this day,
We give Thee Thanks ; as they for us,
(Before we were) to Thee did pray.

And, by this dutie, we declare
An evidence, that *They* and *We*,
(Though we in Times, divided are)
Have one *Communion*, still, with Thee.

HYMN LI.

For Saint John *Baptist* his Day.

John called the *Baptist* (by whose Ministry the People were prepared to receive CHRIST, was prophecied of before his Comming. And this day is appointed both to praise GOD for the same ; and to remember us by his example to prepare

for

Sing this as the Lords Prayer.

Because the World might not pretend,
It knew not of thy *Coming-day* ;
Thou didst, oh C H R I S T, before Thee send
A *Cryer*, to prepare thy Way.

Thy *Kingdome* was the *News*, he brought
Repentance, was the *Way*, he taught.
2 And that his *Voice* might not alone,
In forme us what we should *believe* ;
His *Life* declar'd what must be done,
By those who shall thy *Faith* receive.

His *Doctrine*, therefore, let us heed,
And in his holy path proceed.

3 Let us not haunt *vain-pleasures* Courts,
With fruitlesse toyes, to feed the minde ;
Nor moved be with false Reports,
Like Reeds, that shake with ev'ry winde.

And, let our *lives* (though lesse austere)
At least, be sober, and sincere.

4 Clad in *Repentant-cloth of hair*,
Let us, (oh C H R I S T) to seek out Thee,
To those *forsaken-walks* repair,
Which, by thy *Saints* affected be :

And, that our *lives* we may amend,
With true *Repentance*, us befriend.

5 Instruct us how to feed upon
The *Honey*, of thy *Word-divine* ;

The

The *Dainties* of the *Fleſh* to ſhun ;
 Her *Cups* of *Soul-bewitching-wine* ;
 And, on our *Loines*, let us have care
 The *Belt* of *Temperance* to weare.
 6 So, thy *Fore-Runner*, Times laſt day,
 By his example, ſhall prepare
 Within Mans heart, both *Place* and *Way*,
 To give thee entertainment, there ;
 And, thou to *us*, and We to Thee,
 Shall, (when thou comest) welcome be.

H Y M N L I I.

For Saint Peters Day.

*We obſerve this day, to honour G o d, in the pious
 Memoriall of his bleſſed A poſtle Saint Peter, and
 that it might remember us not to preſume on our
 own ſtrength, by conſidering his failing, and falling
 from his over peremptorie Aſſeveration. We may
 learn alſo by his example, to bewaile our eſcapes,
 with teares of peniſtence.*

Sing this as the I. Psalme.

How watchfull ought, we to become !
 How zealous to pray !
 That, Thee, oh L o r d, we fall not from
 Vpon our *Triall-day*!
 For, if thy great *Apoſtle* faid,
 He would not Thee deny,
 Yet,

Yet, Thee, that very night denaid,
 On what should we reliе?

2 Of our owne selves, we cannot leave
 Our pleasures for thy sake ;
No, nor one vertuous Thought conceive
 Till, us thou able make.

For, we not only Thee deny,
 When Troubles do increase ;
But, oft from Thee, we likewise fly,
 When pleasures we possest.

3 Oh ! let those *Prayers* us availe,
 Which were for *Peter* daign'd ;
That, when the *Foe* shall us affaile,
 His purpose be not gain'd.

Yea, fixe on us those pow'rfull Eies,
 Which mov'd him to lament ;
That, we with Teares, and bitter Cries,
 Our Follies may repent.

4 And, grant that all, who him succeed
 (To oversee thy *Folds*)
Thy Sheep and Lambs, may guide and feed,
 As they of duty should :
No Doctrine teaching, saving, what
 Truth warrants them to preach ;
And in their Lives, confirming that
 Which they are bound to teach.

H Y M N

H Y M N L III.

For St. James his Day.

This Day we glorifie G O D for his Apostle James, who was one of the two, for whom their Mother desired that they might sit, the one at his right hand, and the other at his left hand in his Kingdome : And by occasion of that Petition, they and others are taught what they shoulde rather desire to obtain.

Sing this as the 10. Commandements.

THEY who their *Father* had forsook,
And follow'd **C H R I S T** at his command,
(By humane frailtie overtook)
Did for preferment, feeme to stand.
But, by their *Master* they were taught,
What fitteth an *Apostles* care ;
What shoulde by them, be rather fought ;
And, what their chiefest honours are.
2 By them, we see much Folly grows,
Where *Virtues* their best rooting take ;
And that the man which *Wealth* forgoes,
May not *Ambition* quite forfake.
And fear we may, that Sin resides
In many Persons at this day,
Who chofen are for *Lights*, and *Guids*,
To shew to other men their way.

3 To

3 To Thee, therefore, oh L O R D, we pray,
That, *humblenesse*, in us may dwell,
To charm that *Fiend of Pride* away,
Which would thy Graces, quite expell.

Vouchsafe thou, chiefly, those to keep
From this Delusion of the Foe,
Who are the *Pastors* of thy Sheep,
And should each good example shew.

4 For, they who still pursuing be
That *Greatnesse*, which the World respects,
Their vanitie do neither see,
Nor feel thy Spirits good effects.

By them, *prophanenesse* doth increase ;
By them, *Disunion*, is begun,
By them, the *Church* is robb'd of *Peace* ;
By them, the World will be undone.

5 He therefore, that will stop the Rent,
Which his Ambitious aymes hath made,
(Like this Apostle) must repent
The vain Desires, which he hath had.

For, he which to performe that *Place*,
With *Lowlineffe*, himselfe applies,
Endow'd is, with *speciall-grace*,
And, shall to highest *Honours* rise.

H Y M N

H Y M N L III.

For St. Bartholomews day.

This Day is consecrated to the honour of G o d , in the pious memory of his Apostle St. Bartholomew : and, that (as appeares by a portion of Scripture appointed to be read this day, we might take occasion to praise our Redeemer for the many wonders wrought by his Apostles, to the edification of his Church ; and to the confusion of her Foes.

Sing this as the L O R D S Prayer.

Exceeding gracious favours, L O R D ,
To thy *Apistles* have bin shown ;
And,many wonders,by their word,
And,in thy *Name*,by them were done.
The Blind could fee;the Dumbe could talk.
The Deaf did hear;the Lame did walk.
2 They all *Diseases* took away ;
The Dead,to life,they did restore ;
Foul spirits,dispossefled they ;
And,preach'd thy *Gofpel* to the poore.
Whereby the Truth,still stronger grew,
And,her Opposers overthrew.
3 Oh ! let their works for ever be
An honour to thy Gorious Name ;

And

And by thy pow'r,vouchsafe that we
(Whom Sin makes deaf,blind,dumb, and lame,
May hear thy *Word*,and see thy *Light* ;
And speak thy Truth, and walk upright.
4 Each mortall Sicknes of the Soul,
Let thy *Apostles* Doctrines cure ;
Let it expell that *spirit-foul*,
Which makes us lothsome and impure :
That,we who dead in sin have lain,
The life of *saving-Faith* may gain.

H Y M N L V.

For St. Mathews-Day.

St. Mathew was from the Office of a Custom-gatherer (which was odious to the Jewes) called to be an Apostle ; and became one of the Evangelists. This day, therefore, is made observable, and set apart that God might be therein praised for the favour vouchsafed to the whole Church by his ministry.

Sing this as the former.

Let no uncomely Censures passe
Upon thosē *Callings* men professe.
A *Publican*, St. Mathew was,
Yet, G o d s elected nev'rthelesse.
And was unto the *Church of Christ*,
Apostle, and *Evangelist*.

2 For,

2 For, G O D (who not a whit respects
Profession, Person, or Degree)
The *Saints* impartially elects,
From ev'ry Sort of men that be;
That, all might unto him repaire,
And, no more of his Love despaire.

3 For those men, therefore, let us pray,
Who seem uncalled, to remain;
Not judging them quite cast away,
G O D s Favour never to obtain;
Since, he by them perhaps doth prove,
Our patience, and our Christian Love.

4 And, for our selves, let us desire
That, Avarice we then may shun,
When G O D that service doth require,
Whereby his heav'nlie will is done.
And let the remnant of our daies,
Be spent in setting forth his praise.

H Y M N L V I.

For the Day of St. Michael, and all Angels.

*This Day we glorie G o d for the ministratiōn of
his holy Angels, and for the afflānce and protec-
tiōn, which he by them vouchsafeth us againſt the
secret affaſt and temptatiōn of our ſpirituall
Adverſaries. St. Michael, is by St. Jude termed
an Arch-Angell; by Daniel, he is called, Chiefe
of the Princes; and ſome doe thinke that this
Angel is Christ.*

Sing

Sing this as the 100. Psalme.

TO praiſe, oh G o d ! and honour Thee
For all thy glorious Triumphs won,
Aſſembled here this day are we ;
And, to declare thy Favours done.

Thou took’ſt that great *Arch Angels* part,
With whom in Heav’n the *Dragon* fought ;
And, that good *Armies*, *Captain* wer’t,
Which caſt *him*, and his *Angels* out.

2 We gain’d thereby the firmer peace ;
Leſſe are our dangers ; leſſe, our Fears ;
And, to thy Glories great increase,
Thy *Kingdomes* pow’r the more appears.

Yea, now his malice and despight,
Who in thy preſence, heretofore,
Accuſed us both day and night,
Shall terrifie our Souls no more.

3 In honour of thy Bleſſed Name,
This *Hymn* of Thanks, therefore we ſing ;
And, to thine everlasting Fame
Of praiſe, Heav’n arched Spheare ſhall ring.

With praiſe, for thy *Effentiall-might*,
With praiſe, for all those *Angels* too,
Who thy victorious Battels fight,
And, here on Earth, thine Errands do.

4 For, many of that glorious Troop
(To bring us meſſages from thee)
Have pleaſed bin, from Heav’n to ſtoop ;
And, cloth’d with humane ſhape to be.

Yea,

Yea, we believe they watch and ward,
About our Persons, evermore,
From *evill-Spirits*, us to guard :
And, we return Thee Thanks, therefore.

H Y M N L V I I .

For St. Lukes Day.

*This Day we celebrate GOD's praise for the great
priviledges vouchsafed to his Church by the blessed
Evangelist L V K E, a Physitian both for Body
and Soule, and the first and best Ecclesiastical Hi-
storiographer. Hee was a constant companion of
St. Paul, and an example of Christian perseverance
to all posteritie.*

Sing this as the former.

If those Physitians honor'd be,
Who corporall diseases heal ;
Sure, worthy double praise is he
Who feeks both *Soul* and *Bodies* weal.
Both waies this Blessed *Saint* excel'd,
Both waies, in life he was approv'd ;
And, by his *Gospel* hath reveal'd
What many Soul-bred pains remov'd.
2 To do him honour, this, beside,
A blessed witnes, hath declar'd,
That firme in Faith he did abide,
When others from the Truth were scar'd.

Thereof

Thereof the Glorie, LoRD, be thine;
For,him thy *Grace* enabled thus:
And he received those Gifts divine,
To benefit *himself* and *us*.

3 By his example,therefore, LoRD,
Vhold us,that we fall not from
The true profession of thy *Word*,
Nor by the World,be overcome.

And,grant,his holy *Gospel* may
Yeeld cordiall comforts to the Soul,
To drive those maladies away,
Which make it faithles,faint, and foul.

H Y M N L V I I I.

For St. *Simon* and *Jude* day.

This Day,we honour God for his two Apostles,Simon called Zelotes, and Jude the brother of James, as is manifested by a portion of Scripture, appointed to be read on this day, and by which we are put in minde that we continue in brotherly Love, and to that estate of Grace to which we are called.

Sing this as the 23. Psalme.

NO outward mark have we to know
Who,thine, oh C H R I S T, shall be,
Vntill our Christian Love doth shew,
What Soul pertains to Thee.
For,some,a *Faith* can counterfeit,
And,likely Virtues fain ;

But,

But,till true *Charitie* they get,
Their *Faith*,and *W'orks* are vain.

2 *Love* is that Sum of those Commands,
Which Thou,to Thine didst leave ;
And,for a *mark*,on them it stands
Which never can deceive.

For,when our *Knowledge*,foolish turnes ;
When *Showes*,no fliue retain ;
VVhen *fiery-zeal* to nothing burns,
Then *Love* shall firme remain.

3 By this,weren thy Disciples knit,
And,joyned so in One ;
Their *True-Love-knot*,could never,yet,
Be broken or undone.

Oh ! let us L O R D inserted be
Into that sacred *Knot* ;
And,be so knit,to them and Thee,
That Sin undoe us not.

4 Yea,lest when we thy grace possesse,
VVe therefrom fall away,
(Or turn it into wantonnesse)
Assist thou us,we pray.
And,that we may the better find,
VVhat heed is to be learn'd,
Let us the *Fall* of Angels mind,
As holy *Jude* hath warn'd.

H Y M N

HYMN LIX.

For troublesome, and dangerous Times.

No Kingdome is alwaies free from troublesome and dangerous Times. Therefore Hymns of Consolation; and such as may move to penitence, or preserve the minde patiently contented with G O D S Visitations in that kind, are necessary for uncomfortable Seasons, and will no doubt, be both liked, and used by some.

Sing this, as, VVe praise thee oh G o D.

Now are the *Times*; These are the Daies,
 VVhich will those men approve,
 VVho take delight in *honest-Waies*,
 And *pious-Courses* love.
 Now, to the VVorld, it will appear,
 That Innocence of heart,
 VVill keep us far more free from fear,
 Then Helmet, Shield, or Dart.

2 A cunning *Polititians Brain*
 A wealthy *Merchants-purse*,
 A *Princely Style, a Perty Train* ;
 (Though with a publike Curse)
 / In Grace to be with Lords and Kings,
 And, of their *Slaves* admir'd)
 A while agoe, seem'd glorious Things ;
 And, most to be desir'd.

3 But

3 But fully Ripe now *Sins* are come,
And bring thosē *Plagues-forcēd* ;
Which made the *Times* grow perifome,
Good-Conscience pasfeth Gold.
And,they the bravest Lots posseſſe,
Which may on earth be had,
Who by an *Inward-Happines*
Are ſafe, and fearles made.

4 As Lions they couragiouſ are,
Now miſchiefs moſt increase.
And, though ſtill dreadfull newes they hear,
Their Courage doth increase.
For, now, they ſee be drawing nigh,
And, haſtning to requite,
Their Inſolence, and Tirrany,
Who did in wrongs delight.

5 And why ſhould Innocencie grieve,
That, liv'd it hath to fee
Fulſilled ; what it did believe,
And could foretell, ſhould be ?
Yea, why ſhould it be diſcontent,
That, GOD hath veriſ'd
His threat'nings by a fad event,
On thosē who *Truth* decide ?

6 What can it loſe, now broiles increafe ?
Or Fear, in *Times* of blood ?
Which was oppreſt in *Times* of Peace ;
And *Ill* receiv'd for *Good* ?
Since none doth grudge to fee his Field,
Stubd up, and fet on fire ;
That

That usefull Fruits, the foile may yeeld,
 In stead of Bush and Bri'r.
7 The best which could have hoped bin,
 By long abused Rest ;
Was that our Follies, and our Sin,
 Should more have bin increast.
For, though some have bewail'd the Time,
 And Reformation fought ;
But, few do sorrow for their crimes,
 Or mend themselves in ought.
8 Yea, few had either fear or sence,
 Of *Justice*, in their waies ;
Or favour'd much, that *Innocence*
 Which giveth peacefull daies.
We, therefore are afflicted thus ;
 And G o d, hath powred now,
A *Violl* of his *wrath* on us,
 That we might wiser grow.
9 Like those Egyptians if we be,
 Whose hearts obdurate grow,
All his old plagues, in store hath he,
 Our Follies to pursue ;
But by returning unto him,
 We, yet may scape the smart,
That without *Mercy*, fals on them,
 Which have a hard'ned heart.
10 L o r d, this effect, vouchsafe to grant
 In these our *Troublous-Times*.
Let our lost *Piue*, which now we want,
 Reclaim us from our Crimes.

Q

So.

So whether we shall *die* or *live*,
 Till better *Daies* we fee ;
This *Troublous* Time we shall perceive,
 A *Time of Grace* to be.
11 For *Pestilences, Deaths, and War,*
 To them, who shall repent.
Not *Evill*, but *Good-Angels* are,
 For their amendment fent :
And *Righteous men*, sometime, by these,
 In *Love*, are taken from
Those worse, and those more dreadfull daies ;
 Which must on others come.
12 Prepare, and fit me, L O R D, therefore,
 With meek, and humble mind,
To meet thy Judgements at the dore ;
 And, take the *Lot* I find.
And, if I shall be one of those,
 Who for example sake,
Must suffer by these *publike-woes*,
 On me thy pleasure take.
13 But, L O R D, remember *Mercy* still,
 (*Thy Sword, through Justice drawes*)
Yea, though to bring this *publike Ill*,
 My *Sins*, in part, were cause ;
Remember too, that I am one
 (*A Sinner, though it be*)
Who grieves, for what I have misdone,
 And put my trust in Thee.

H Y M N

HYMN LX.

Another for the like Times.

The Faithfull are by this Hymn put in mind of that
securitie which may be obtained, by depending on
God, in Times of publike Calamitie, and remem-
bered also thereby to strengthen their Faith by ear-
nestly seeking Gods assistance, and protection,
in such Times of Perill and Feare.

Sing this as the 25. Psalme.

I Nform'd we are, oh L O R D !
That they who trust in Thee,
And, can depend upon thy *Word*,
Shall free from danger be.
To those, thou shalt become
A strong defensive Tow'r,
To save when Times are perilsome,
From him that would devour.
2 The *Shaft* which kils by day,
On them shall not alight ;
The *Plague* which doth at midnight slay,
Shall do them no despight.
How e're the *Planets* move ;
What ever their Aspects
May seem to threaten from above,
They shall have good Effects.

Q 2 3 Their

3 Their Feet unharmed shall tread,
The *Viper, Worme, and Aspe* :
With *Angry-Lyons*, without dread
Or danger, they shall grapse :
From Foes, they shall be safe ;
Though great their Haters be,
And at their Furie, they shall laugh
Though them enrag'd they fee.
4 When Death on ev'ry fide,
Ten Thousands takes away,
They shall, by Faith be fortiside ;
And, live without dismay.
Yea, full they shall be fed
When *hungry Times* appear :
And, shall of nothing, stand in dread,
When they *Sad-Rumors* hear.
4 L O R D, thus, thou dost befriend
(When Times of Trouble be)
Thy Faithfull Servants, who depend
Vnfainely on Thee.
On me, L O R D, this high grace,
Vouchsafe thou to bestow :
For at this *Time*, and in this *Place*,
Are Fears, and Perils now.
6 Let not my many Crimes,
Which have assistance brought
To bring thy Judgements on these times,
Now bring my Hopes to naught.
But, let me so repent,
My Courses lewd and vain.

That

Part. 2. Hymn L X. 341

That in this publick punishment,
I, private Grace may gain.

7 So constant, make my heart ;
(What ever *Newes* I hear)

That, from no duties I depart,
By an unmanly Fear :

Nor by a carnall doubt,
Those *Christian-Hopes* forgoe,
Whose *Loffe*, may tire my *Patience* out ;
Or, *Saving-Faith* o'rethrow.

8 But, L O R D, let me remain
To thee, so reconcil'd,

That Sobernes I may refrain,
Though all the World grow wild.

Be thou my blessed *Lot*,
VVhen *Outrage* doth increase ;

And, to their Furie leave me not,
That are the Foes of *Peace*.

9 Preserve this *Hopeleffe Place*,
And our disturbed *State*,

From those that have more *wit*, then grace,
And prudent Counsels hate :

Yea, let the *Plagues* they cause
On those alone descend,

Whom neither *Grace*, nor *Vengeance*, drawes
Their manners to amend.

10 If any *Sprouts* of mine,
Shall theſe *Ill-Times* out-grow,
To keep them, L O R D, for ever thine
The life of *Grace* beſtow.

Q 3 And,

And,rather let them die

In want, and with disgrace,
Then live on earth to multiply
A wicked princely Race.

11 Yea,whatsoever care,
Or Troubles we are in,
Preserve in us a Conscience clear
From ev'ry wilfull Sin.

And,in thy *Faith* and *Love*,
So firme,let us abide ;
That,by these Troubles we may prove,
Like Silver seven times tride.

12 If this I shall obtain,
As,I believe I shall ;
Though *Fire* and *Brimstone* down it rain,
It should not me appall.
For,when each earthly Thing,
Burnes round me in a flame.

I H A L E L V J A H hope to sing,
In honour of thy *Name*.

Finis se cundæ partis.

The third Part, containing
Hymns Personall.

To the *Reader*.


 These *Times* are so captious, that we otherwhile displease, even when we doe *Curtesies* ; if we prevent not mistakings by some excuses or complements. Therefore, without a Prologue, I dare not proceed to the next *Part*, or *Volume* of *Hymns*, lest I might seeme burthenosome in their Number : For some have already given me occasion to suspect that Objection.

That which I can say for my selfe (if I need say any thing) is this : I thought I could not have taken too many Occasions to praise GOD. So I thinke yet ; and of this mind I shall continue. I am perswaded, also, that they who thinke these *Hymns* too many, will weary themselves as little in the use of them, as if they had

Q 4

bin

bin fewer, and that such as are devoutly affected, would not have been tired, If I had prepared a greater number.

They who are acquainted with the *Liturgies* in the *Greeke Churches*, can assure them, that they have had more *Hymns* by some hundreds, then I have yet divulged. And, most men of discretion very plainly perceive that the *Chauntries* of the *World* the *Fleſh*, and the *Devill* have more then a thouſand *Songs*, for every one which I have prepared for our Christian Quires. And now I call that to mind, I am almost angry that any man ſhould thinke these *Hymns* were over-numerous, and will therefore ſay no more to excuse their multitude.

I confeffe I am (for ought I know, or have yet heard) the firſt that did compose *Personall-Hymns* in this kind: and perhaps, therfore (as it uſually fares with new *Inventions*) they will not feeme ſo plauſible as *Occasionall* and *Temporarie Hymns*; which have been very anciently in uſe.

Yet,

Yet, I am perswaded, that when they are better knowne, no discreet Reader will either disapprove them, or judge them to be any of those *Novelties*, which are justly despicable or impertinent.

I conceived it a good meanes, to insinuate into persons of every *Calling* and *Degree*, some of those Musings and Considerations, which are necessary to be remembred. This way as I thought instruction might be received with most ease, with least offence : And I am confident, that purposely or causually, some advantages of good consequence, both for amendment of *Manners*, and increase of *Pietie*, will arise from these *Personall-Hymns*. In this confidence, I leave them to your perusall, and humbly beseech *G O D*, that they may be our *profit* and his *praise*.

G E O. W I T H E R.

Q 5

H Y M N

HYMN I.

For a Britan.

We that are Britans enjoy many peculiar Priviledges; and have obtained sundry Blessings and Deliverances famously observable. We are therefore obliged to a speciall Thankfulness, not only as we are Christian-men, but as we are Britans also. And this Hymn intends the furtherance of that duty.

HALELVIAH, now I sing.
For my Heart invites my Tongue,
To extoll my Good-my-King,
In that blessed *Angel-Song*.

And, as I enabled am,
I will sacrifice to G O D,
Thanks, in this whole *Islands* name,
In a Joyfull-praisefull *Ode*,

You that Loyall Britans be,
Halelujah sing with me.
Cho. Halelujah, sing with me,
You that Loyall Britans be

2 On her Coasts, our *Maker* smiles,
And, vouchsafed her the Rule
Over all the *Floods*, and *Iles*,
From the *Midland-Straights* to *Thule*.

Plenty doth her Vallies fill ;
Health is in her Clymates found ;

Pleasure.

Pleasure plaies in ev'ry hill,
And these Blessings, *Peace* hath crown'd.

Hallelujah therefore sing
Till the Shores with *Echo's* ring.

Cho. *Till the Shores with Echoes ring,*
Hallelujah, therefore sing.

3 VVhen that blessed *Light* arose,
VVwhich dispelled *Death's* black *Shade*,
She, was of the first of *Those*,
VVho, thereof, was Partner made.

And, although she seem a Place,
To the Frozen Zone confin'd ;
Yet, the longest Day of *Grace*,
In Her happy Coasts hath shin'd.

Sing, let us, to *G O D*, therefore,
Hallelujah, evermore.

Cho. *Hallelujah, evermore,*
Sing let us, to G O D, therefore.

4 That no Forraign Foe may ceaze,
Her Dear Children, evermore,
Ditch'd and wall'd with *Rocks* and *Seas*,
Her beloved Borders are.

G O D Almighty so provides,
That, likewise, to guard her *Lands*,
She hath Clouds, and VVind, and Tides,
Calmes, and Stormes, and Shelves, and Sands.

Now therefore, my Song shall be,
Hallelujah, L O R D, to thee.

Cho. *Hallelujah, Lord, to Thee,*
Now, therefore, my Song shall be.

5 VVhen

5 When we had a *Darkneſſe* here,
Worſe then what th'Egyptians had.
When, we more in Bondage were,
And, to *Babel*, ſlaves were, made;
 G o d, Renew'd again the *Light*,
And the *Freedome*, which we lost :
That, for Thanks, enjoy we might,
What our *Fathers* lives had coſt.

 Therefore while I have a Tongue,
Halelujah ſhall be fung.

Cho. Halelujah *ſhall be fung*;
 Therefore, while I have a Tongue.

6 When our *Deborah* arofe,
And, God's Isr'el judged here.
When confederated Foes,
Did Invincible appear.

 Spains proud *Sifera*, had thought,
To have funk us, with his weight :
But, the *Stars* againſt him fought,
And, made famous, *eightie eight*.

Halelujah, therefore, Crie
 Till Heav'ns vaulted Roofe reply.
Cho. *Till Heav'ns vaulted Roofe, reply*,
 Halelujah, therefore cry.

7 When of harms we dreamed not ;
But at reſt, ſecurely liv'd :
By a damned *Powder plot*,
Romeour ruine had contriv'd :
 For, by *Thunders* from below,
(Had not G o d forbid the Doom)

We

We had perish'd at a blow ;
And, but few, had known by whom.

Halelujah, therefore found,
For the Grace, which then we found,
Cho. *For the Grace, which then we found,*
Halelujah, therefore found.

2 When by Riot, and Excess ;
We those times of *Dearth* deferv'd,
Which did bring us to distresse,
And in danger to be sterv'd.

Once, G o D fent beyond beliefe,
Fruits, where none did *Plant*, or *Sow*,
And, at other times, relief,
Ere we saw the fame in shew.

To our great, and Gracious King.
Halelujah, therefore, sing.
Cho. *Halelujah, therefore, sing,*
To our great, and gracious King.

9 When for our Contagious crimes,
SicknesSES, have raged here,
Such ; as few preceding Times,
Therewithall, acquainted were.

When a *Pestilentiall-Breath*,
Made us from each other flie,
(Threatning Vniversall Death)
G o D had pitie on our Crie.

Therefore, while we breathing be,
Halelujah Sing will we.
Cho. *Halelujah sing will we,*
Therefore, while we breathing be.

10 Worſt

10 Worst of *Wars, Domestick War,*
 Twixt our *Nations*, was begun,
 Spreading Threats, and Terrors, far,
 Of more Mischief, then was done.

Here, it march'd as if it faid ;
 B R I T A N, *speedily repent,*
 Els, my Fury, yet, delaid ;
Thee, and Thine, ere long, will rent.

Therefore, Trumpets, Fifes, and Drums,
Halelujah well becomes.

Cho. Halelujah, *well becomes,*
Warlike Trumpets, Fifes and Drums.

11 When a *Generall-Offence,*
 Had almost to Ruine brought,
Law, Religion, State, and Prince,
 And a Schisme, among us wrought,

Yea, when Snares for us were laid ;
 And, when *Avarice, and Pride,*
 Had our Freedoms, nigh betraïd ;
God, Protection, did provide.

Halelujah, therefore found,
Till it reach the Starry Round,
 Cho. *Till it reach the Starry-Round,*
Halelujah, we will found.

H Y M N I I.

For a Sovereign Prince.

*We presume not to instruct Sovereign Princes, but
 have only composed, in a brief Hymn, a few of
 those*

those many things which are pertinent to their considerations ; and perhaps an humble Pietie may by this Occasion, otherwhile invite their Excellencies to expresse their devotions in this or some other Hymn.

Sing this as the 4 Psalme.

BY me, or by my Fathers house
Deserv'd it could not be ;
That I, or any one of us,
Obtained this degree :
But, G o d who dealeth forth his own,
As him it liketh best,
On me those honours hath bestowen,
Whereof I am poffest.
2 Great hazards, many undergo
Such Titles to acquire :
Yet, neither finde content *below*,
Nor means of rising *higher*.
What, therefore, can I leſſe repay
To him, whose Gift it is,
Then, otherwhile, to ſing or ſay,
Some ſuch like *Hymn*, as this ?
3 Let me, oh L o r d, my *Diadem*,
Vnto thy glory, weare ;
And, be a bleffing unto them,
Who my *Lieg-people* are.
Let not thy favours make my heart
To fwell with wanton pride ;
Or, from thoſe Precepts to depart,
Which ought to be my guide.

4 But,

4 But, teach me still in minde to beare,
From whom, this place I had ;
And that ev'n they my brethren are,
Whose Ruler I was made :
Yea, cause me, evermore, to heed
That, *I*, and *they*, are *thine* ;
Although, to serve the *publike-need*,
Their Goods, and Lives are mine.

5 Since ev'ry *Subjects* Cause, to me,
Should equally be dear ;
In Justice, let the *Poor man* be
As precious, as the *Peer*.
And, lest men snares for me, may make,
At my *Chief Counfell board*,
Lo R D, let me daily Counfell take,
From thy Truth-speaking *word*.

6 Those Traitors chase out of my Court,
Who dare pervert the Laws ;
Or, cause me by a falfe report,
To wrong an honest cause.
And, let thy Judgements them devour,
(How strong foere they stand)
Who shall abuse my royll powre,
To hinder thy Command.

7 Within my Realm, let no man dare
My *Statutes*, to gain-say :
And, let me live as much in fear,
Thy *Laws*, to disobay.
So, *I*, and *they*, whom thou on me,
For *Subjects*, hast bestown ;

Shall

Shall in each other, blessed be,
And, keep *Sedition* down.

8 Preserve to me, my *Royall dues* :
And, Grace vouchsafe me, still,
My just *Prerogatives*, to use,
According to thy will.

That, Evill men may fear my Frown ;
The Righteous, comfort finde ;
And, I, obtain a better Crown,
When this must be resign'd.

H Y M N I I I.

For a Subject.

Subjects are apt to complain if they seem to suffer by
their Soveraigns ; but, few examine what cause
they themselves are of their own Grievances ; as
few are thankfull for the Benefits received by Good
Princes ; for prevention whereof this Hymn is
tendered.

Sing this as the former.

A Sov'raigntie, though some obtain,
Who use their pow'r amisse ;
Yet, when the same they shall obtain,
Thy Gift, oh *God* ! it is ;
And, those whom thou dost raise thereto,
We, therefore, should obey,
In all that Subjects ought to do,
To suffer, or to pay.

2 VVhen

2 VWhen *Tyrants* over us are set,
 They for our Sins are sent ;
And, *righteous-Princes*, we shall get,
 When we our faults repent.
But whether *good* or *bad* they be ;
 Thy Rod, and Sword, they bear ;
And, we in *them*, shall honour thee,
 If still, we loyall are.

3 Our stubborn hearts, oh L O R D ! incline
 This *dutie*, to fulfill.
To ev'ry *Substitute* of thine,
 Subiect our foward will ;
But, teach us, chiefly to beware,
 We grieve nor injure those,
Whose Prudence, Justice, love and care,
 Protects us, from our Foes.

4 Let us afford them all *supplies*,
 Which their Affairs may need ;
Admitting no fuch Tales or lies,
 As may fuspition breed.
But, let us praiife, where praiife is due ;
 And (when they merit blame)
Not prove, like *Noahs* cursed Son,
 Divulgers of their shame.

5 So, they our *Pietie*, shall bleffe,
 VWhen they their error fee ;
And, thou oh G o d ! wilt give us peace,
 Because we loyall be.
For, when a *people*, conscience makes
 Their *Sovereign* to obey ;

G O D

God makes him gracious, for their fakes,
Or, takes him, soon, away.

HYMN IIII.

For a Magistrate.

The corruption of Magistrates, is the more frequent through defect of some to remember them of their duties. Therefore, because it is not safe, nor thought comely, for every one to undertake that office, we have added this Hymn, that they might otherwhile, be thereby Remembrancers to themselves.

Sing this as the X. Commandments.

Full well, that perfon, it befeems,
Who should reform the Sinners way,
To rid his eyes, of motes, and beams ;
And, live as blameleffe, as he may :
For, he that lewd example shews,
The *Rod of Rule*, in vain doth bear ;
And with his left-hand overthrows,
What, with his Right hand, he doth rear.
2 If, juſtly, I reprovd may be,
For that, which I in others blame ;
It is a *double-fin* in me,
That meriteth a *double-shame*.
Or if I should for Friend or Foe,
For bribe, for favour, fear, or hate.
In doing Justice partiall grow ;
As great a plague, is due, for that.

3 A

3 A *Bribe*, hath pow'r to fool the wife :
Pride, scorns to hear the poor mans mone :
Lust, putteth forth discretions eyes :
Hate, cannot see when wrong is done :
Self-love, prefers her proper cause :
Fear, will his dearest Friend betray.
Ambition, will pervert the Laws,
And *loth* all duties will delay.

4 From these things *LORD*, preserve me clear;
And, from their proud and foolish wit,
Who, at offenders, scoffe and Jeer,
When on the *Judgement-seat* they sit.

And, this moreover, I desire ;
Me, from their basenesse still defend,
Who dare to *publice-place*, aspire,
That, it may serve a *private-end*.

5 With wisdom, so my minde indue,
That, I my passions may subiect ;
And, by examples, alway, shew
What things in others I expect.

With courage, arme, likewise, my heart :
That, (having laudably begun)
I do not cowardly depart
From perfiting, what should be done.

6 And, teach thou me, to temper so
Faire-means, with *discipline-severe*
That, *Mercy* may with *Justice*, go ;
And, in corre&tion, Love appear.

Yea, so meek-hearted make thou me,
That, when offenders I condemn,

My

My heart may feel how sad they be ;
And, suffer grief, in judging them.

HYMN V.

For a member of the Parliament.

It is necessary that the Rule whereby things are to be regulated should be straight : and therefore, Law-makers ought to be wise and uprightmen, lest the chief Remedy of our Evils, be made worse than the Evils themselves. To the Members of our high Court of Parliament, this is well known ; yet, this Hymn, shall perhaps, be a means to remember some of them of that which they know.

Sing this as the 4 Psalme.

THEY, no mean place of *Trust*, receive,
VVho by free-choice have gain'd,
That Facultie *Legislative*,
VVwhich I have now obtain'd.
For, they have ample Pow'r, from those,
By whom, they chosen be,
In *Temporall-Things*, to bind, and lose,
As they just Cause, do see.
2 VVho e're, therefore, they be, that shall
Ambiciously Affect,
To fill such Roomes, before those call,
VVho, freely, should elect ;
VVho e're those be ; they, more presume,
Then Justice doth permit ;
And,

And, more, unto themselves, assume,
Then *Reason* judgeth fit.

3 VVhoe're likewise, for private ends,
For Favour, Fear, or hate ;
To harm his Foes ; To please his Friends :
Or, save his own Estate :
Yea, whofoer'e his dearest Blood,
(Or, those by Him, begot)
Prefers before the *Common-good* ;
This *Truſt*, deferveth not.

4 *Law-givers* personate a Part,
VVhich doth in them, require,
A *Prudent-Brain*, an *Upright-Heart*,
A *rectiſide-Dſtre* :
For, who beleeves that they can give,
To others, *Laws-upright* ?
VVho, lewdly *Talk*, prophaneſly *Live*,
And, in vain Things Delight ?

5 Imprudent *Legiſlators*, may
Much greater Mischiefs cause,
And, *Innocencie* more betray,
Then they that break the *Lawes*.
For, He that many *Laws* doth breake,
May wrong but *one* or *two* :
But they which one Bad *Law* shall make,
VVhole *Kingdomes* may undo.

6 Inspire me L o R D with grace, therefore,
VVith *Wifdom*, and Stout *Zeal*,
And, with uprightneſſe, evermore,
To ſerve the *Common-weale*.
And,

And, so to serve, that, their offence,
 (At all times) I may shun,
 Who serve it so, as if the *Prince*,
 And *Kingdome*, were not *one*.
 7 He that with one of these partakes,
 Vnto the others wrong,
 VVhat goodly shew foe're he makes,
 VVill injure both ere long.
 Yea, whatsoever such pretend ;
 (VVhat ere they swear, or say)
 They, will be Traitors, in the end,
 And, *one*, or *both*, betray.

H Y M N V I.

For a member of our *Convocations*, or
National-Synods.

It is the greatest Bondage, next that of Sin, and the Devil, to be enslaved by Doctrine, or Discipline, repugnant to the VVord of G O D ; and injurious to the Christian-Libertie. Therefore, though I presume not to prepare a Hymn, worthy to be sung by so reverend an Assembly : yet, I think it no Arrogancie, to make tender of this Meditation to be, otherwhile, privately sung, or considered, by some Members thereof.

Sing this as the L O R D S Prayer.

Since, by *Election*, I am fent,
 To be admitted one of thofe
 V Vho

Who shall that *Body* represent,
Which hath a pow'r to *bind* and *lose* ;
That for this work, I fit may be.

2 Here let me lay each Aimè aside,
Which to so vain a purpose tends.

Which to to vain a purpose tends.
As to advance our *Clergy-Pride*,
Or serve our Avaritious ends :

And, me from those things, keep thou far,
By which corrupted *Synods* are.

3 As much as in my pow'r it lies,
Let me out of thy *Church*, exile
Not only, those *old-Heresies*,
Which former Ages did beguile;

But, with a prudent zeal, pursue
Those Errors, likewise, which are new.

4 Let me preserve that sweet accord
Which in such *Counsels* ought to be.
Make thou the *Canon* of thy *Word*,
In every Cause, a Guide for me :

And, let it rule my words and waies,
What ever *Humane-Reason* saies.

5 Confirm in me, a holy Care,
To keep thy outward *Service* pure,
From *Rites*, that superstitious are ;
Or, which contempt thereto procure

That whil'st *Will-Worship* I do shun,
I am not to *prophaneness* run.

6 For no mans pleasure, let me stop,
The *Christian-Freedomes, GRACE* bestowes,
R Nor

Nor giveth *Flesh* a larger scope
 Then pious *Prudencie* allowes ;
 But grant me wisdome, *L o R D*, to know
 When *things-Indifferent* are not so.
 7 And *me*, and *Them* ; who in this place
 To do thee service, now are chose,
 Inspire, ô *G o D*, with ev'ry Grace,
 Which to thy *Saints* thou do'st dispose ;
 That, all the *Canons* we decree,
 May thy good *Spirits* dictates be.

HYMN VII.

For a Courtier.

Courtiers are so frequently vicious, that some thinke it impossible they should be virtuous. By the use of this Hymn, the scandall of that Censure may be abated, and the honour and honestie of well-deserving Courtiers may be the better preserved.

Sing this as the 23 Psalme, or Te Deum.

THough Princes *Courts* defamed are,
 As blurr'd with ev'ry sin ;
 Yet, men whose *Virtues* blameles were,
 Have famous *Courtiers* bin.
 In *Pharaohs* house, chaste *Josephs* waies,
 Obtain'd a good report ;
 And *Obadiah* liv'd with praiife,
 In wicked *Ahab*s Court.

2 Wife

2 Wife *Daniel*,dar'd the truth to say,
 Where flattr'y did abound :
Within the breast of *Mordecai*,
 An honest heart was found.
And many more,of glorious name,
 Have Love with Honour gain'd :
And,kept in *Court*,a spotles fame,
 Where evill Princes raign'd.
3 The *Calling*,therefore,or the *Place*
 Makes not our manners ill ;
But,rather want of heed and grace,
 To certifie the *Will*.
And,no occasion,place,or time,
 Wants means,a snare to lay
Ill habits to beget in him,
 That heedeth not his way.
4 *Him*,had not *Obadiah* ferv'd,
 By whom,poore *Naboth* bled,
The *Prophets* had been slain or starv'd,
 Whom he in secret fed.
And shoud all *Good-men* shun that *King*,
 Which doth in Vice delight,
His *Lands* to ruine it would bring ;
 And,root out *Virtue*,quite.
5 *Lord*,as thou do'st my *Will* renew,
 Renew my *Reafon* too ;
And,Grace vouchsafe me to pursue,
 What I am bound to doe.
Let nor Oppression,Lust nor Pride,
 (Which rife in Courtiers grow)

Allure my heart, or feet, aside
 From what I purpose now.

6 So, though the Place in which I live,
 As bad a name had got,
 As that, which heretofore, did grieve
 The Soul of Righteous *Lot* ;
 I shall from ev'ry crying Sin,
 Abide in *Court*, as free,
 As they who being Cloyfled in,
 Securer seem to be.

H Y M N V I I I.

For a Master or Mistresse.

*It is a great happiness to have good Servants to ease
 our labours : We are hereby therefore put in Re-
 membrance to be thankfull for that blessing, when
 we have it ; and how to behave our selves toward
 our Servants. If a Woman sing it, let her change
 the word Master into Mistresse.*

Sing this as the 100. Psalme.

IN that a *Master*, I was made
 God's favour doth to me appear,
 And, sure this grace, I never had,
 Injuriously to domineer.
 But, rather that with better ease,
 I might my Calling undergo;

And,

And,thankfully him seek to please,
By whom I am befriended so.

2 How great a bliffe do many share,
(Without regard what they enjoy)
That, they their heavie lodes to bear,
The Limbs of others may employ ?
And,that their pleasures to purvay,
(Afwel as for their daily meat)

Their *Servants* travell out the Day,
And,labour both in cold and heat ?

3 L O R D ! cause me thankfully to mind,
This gracious bounty of thy hand ;
And,to be mercifull and kind,
To them,whose bodies I command.

Let me remember,that we are
One flesh, and branches of one stem.
And,that,as well as I,they bear
His *Image*,who redeemed them.

4 When frowardnes in them I fee,
When they without a cause repine,
When negligent or false they be,
Or Prodigall of what is mine ;

Let me by these their failings view,
How,in thy service,I offend :
How many wayes I am untrue ;
And,wink at them,till I amend.

5 Far be it, from me to detain
My *Servants* hire ; or,to deny
Due rest ; or,when he shall complain,
To grieve him with a harsh reply ;

R 3

But,

But, since thy *Servant, L O R D* I am,
To them so gracious let me be,
That (though I often merit blame)
Thou may'st be mercifull to me.

H Y M N I X.

For a Servant.

That Servants may be kept from discouragement in their inferior Calling; and stirred up to discharge their duties with cheerfulness, and singleness of heart; this Hymn or some other such like meditations, may be very pertinent to those that are Servants.

Sing this as the former.

Discourage not thy self my Soul,
Nor murmur, though compel'd we be
To live subje&ted to controule,
When many other may be free :

For, though the pride of some disdains
Our mean, and much despised Lot;
We shall not lose our honest pains,
Nor shall our suff'rance be forgot.

2 To be a *Servant*, is not base;
If basenes be not in the mind :
For, *Servants* make but good the place,
Whereto their *Maker* them assign'd.

The greatest *Princes* do no more :
And, if sincerely I obey,

(Though

(Though I am now despis'd and poore)
I shall become as great as they.

3 The *Lord* of heav'n and earth was pleaf'd
A *Servants* forme to undertake :
By his endurance I am eas'd ;
And,serve with gladnes for his fake.

Though check'd unjustlie I should be,
With silence,I reproofs will bear :
For,much more injured was he,
Whose deeds,most worthy praises were.

4 He was revil'd,yet naught repli'd ;
And I will imitate the same :
For,though some faults may be deni'd,
In part,I alwaies faultie am.

Content (with meek and humble heart)
I will abide in my degree ;
And,act an humble *Servants* part,
Till *God* shall call me to be free.

5 Eie-service I resolve to shun ;
And,when my duty can be known,
It shall as faithfully be done,
As if the profit were mine own.
So,whensoever I shall need
The service of anothers hand ;
He shall in heart,in tongue,in deed,
Be faithfull unto my command.

6 But,whatsoever,else I find,
This will befall to me,at least,
That,I shall keep a quiet mind,
To give my wearie Bodie rest.

R 4

And,

And, when those works dispatch I shall,
Wherein I must this life employ,
My *Lord* and *Master*, me will call,
To be a partner of his *Joy*.

H Y M N X.

For a Gentleman.

*Many boast of their Gentilitie, who degenerate from
their worthy Ancestors, and neglect that which is
the essence of Nobilitie. To abate this folly where
it is found, and to cherish true worth in the virtuous
Gentrie, we have offered this meditation.*

Sing this as the 13. Psalme.

IT is the common guize of such
Who least deserving be,
Of their *Descents* to prattle much ;
Or, vant of their *Degree* ;
As if, they merely were begot,
To act no other part,
Then blazing of their Grandfires coat,
Or telling his desart.
2 Of inward Rest, and outward Health,
Some Fools themselves bereave ;
That they may honor'd Names, or Wealth,
Vnto their Children leave,
Who (many times) when they posseffe
What others did provide,

Confume

Consume it all in Idlenes,

In Ryot,Lust,or Pride.

3 Yea,that which their dear Souls might cost,

Who first enrich'd their name,

May to their feed,be worse then lost,

And,end their line with shame.

For,most who rich or noble grow

By that which others won,

The value of it,feldom know,

Till all,again,be gon.

4 The ancient-marks of *gentle-blood*,

Were well to be imploy'd ;

To love and follow what was good ;

And,evill to avoyd :

For which God so did bleffe the Race,

Descended from their Stem,

That many Ages,in one place,

He hath continu'd them.

5 But,now,each other to outvie

In wickednes of life,

In pride,or prodigalitie,

Is practifed in chief.

For which *Gods* wrath fo roots them out,

That,sign is hardly feen,

Before two Ages wheel about,

That they on earth have been.

6 Or if their *Monuments* have been

Allow'd a longer date,

It is to memorize the Sin,

Which ruin'd their estate ;

R 5

That,

That, others heeding in their way,
 And, what therein ensu'd,
 The more sincerely labour may,
 With grace to be endu'd.

7 Oh *Lord*, incline me to delight
 In *reall-Virtues*, more
 Then, those *Achievements* to recite,
 Which my *Forefathers* wore.

And, those whom I in birth exceed,
 Let me endeavour well,
 That them, in ev'ry *noble-deed*,
 I may as much excell.

8 As thou thy blessings do'st increase,
 Increase thy Grace in me ;
 With ev'ry *reall* worthines,
 Becomming my degree.

That, to my self, or to my kin,
 I bring nor grief nor shame ;
 But live to be (as they have bin)
 An honour, to my *Name*.

 HYMN XI.

For a Knight of the Garter.

This Hymn was composed for the Knights of the Garter, to be sung in their Chappell at their Fiftieth. It sheweth how their Honours and civil Triumphs, may be directed to the honour of God, and to the more dignifying of their honourable Order of Knighthood, &c.

Sing

Sing this as Te Deum.

A ll praise and glory that we may
 Ascribe we L ORD, to Thee
 From whom, the Triumphs of this day,
 And all our honors be.
 For, of it self, nor East, nor West,
 Doth honour ebbe or flow ;
 But, as to thee it seemeth best,
 Preferment to bestow.
 2 Thou *Christ*, art that victorious *Knight*,
 Whose order we professe ;
 And our Saint *George*, to whom in fight
 Our Cries, we do addresse.
 The *Dragon* which thou foil'dst is He,
 That, would thy *Church* devour ;
 And, that faire *Princess*, L O R D, is *She*,
 Who scaped by thy pow'r.
 3 Thou art that *Husbandman*, whose care
 Makes Rich our barren foile.
 Thou art that valiant *Man of War*,
 Who keeps our Coasts from spoile.
 Vouchsafe that we, who by a *Band*
 More bound then heretofore,
 May to thy *Faith's-Defendor*, stand,
 Fast Friends, for evermore.
 Since, by our *Soveraigne*, chose we are,
 This *Ord'r* to put on ;
 And, since we Hieroglyphicks wear,
 Of that which thou haft done :

Leaſt

Lest we forget it, let these tell
 Why they by us are worn ;
 And inwardly informe, as well
 As outwardly adorn.

5 So shall our Order unto none
 A vain Invention seem ;
 Nor our *Solemnities* be done
 Without their due esteem.

And, they who have the *Saint* mistook,
 On whom, we do rely ;
 Shall know, we only Thee invoke ;
 When we *Saint * George* do cry.

* *George* is a Name or Attribute applied to GOD, *John 15.2.* *My Father, faith Christ, ὁ γεόποιος εστι* is the *George*, or *Husbandman* : and the story of *Saint George* rescuing a Lady from a *Dragon*, is an Allegory setting forth the *Churches* deliverance from the *Devill* by her celestiall champion *Iesus Christ*. And by this application we avoid the scandall which may else be taken by a seeming to invoke the assistance of some other divine power beside *God-Almighty*, when in our warlike expeditions we cry (as the English custome is) *G O D and Saint George*.

 HYMN XII.

For Parents hopefull of children.

In this Hymn Parents are instructed how they should be affected toward their Children ; what endowments they should most desire for them, and what Patrimony they should most labour to procure them.

Sing

Sing this as the 1 Psalme.

THE propagation of our kinde,
Our Nature moves us to ;
Yet, few of us, can rightly minde,
The end, of what we do.
Like brutifh Creatures, most fulfill
What Flesh and blood desires ;
But, think not, either good or evill,
Of that, which G o d inspires.
2 And, when our Children reach the birth ;
Of most, receiv'd they are,
Like *Sons* and *Daughters*, of the *Earth*,
In whom no *Spirit* were.
For to their flesh more love we bear,
Then to that blessed Spark,
Which, being gone, their *Bodies* are
Like Dunghils in the dark.
3 If they be faire, and staightly limb'd,
Great pleasure we can take :
To keep their bodies neatly trim'd,
Much needlesse work, we make.
That, Rich, or noble they might be,
No labours we do fpare :
And, if of theſe no hope we fee,
We feem oppreft with care.
4 But of the *Soul* (that heav'ly feed)
So careleſſe, many feem,
As if it were not worthy heed,
Much leſſe, of their esteem.

And,

And, had not G o d, from whom it came,

 His holy *Church* prepar'd,

To be a *Mother* to the same,

 Full hardly, had it far'd.

5 Blest *Father* of that *blessed-part*,

 My just request receive,

Who beg of thee, with yearning heart,

 For that which now I crave ;

Let from my Loines, no fruit descend,

 That, happy shall not be,

By perseverance to the end,

 In dearly loving thee.

6 I beg not for them, wit, or wealth,

 Nor long nor easie life ;

Nor Beautie, honour, strength, nor health,

 Nor Husband, Child, nor Wife ;

These, for themselves, let them request,

 And, those requests acquire,

As they in proof, to them, are best

 In furthering this desire :

Though *Nature* longs for somewhat more,

 L O R D, let thy Will be done.

I cannot now, for ought implore,

 Not granted to thy Son ;

Some other time, perhaps I may

 For, other things, entreat :

And, that obtain, for which I pray,

 Because, thy love is great.

H Y M N

HYMN XIII.

For Parents having Children.

Parents by this Hymn of praise and prayer, are by the example of holy Job, put in minde to offer daily sacrifices for their Children. A sacrifice of Praife for the Comfort they have of them and a Sacrifice of Prayer for their prosperitie.

Sing this as the former.

Fob's custome, well deserveth praife,
Who, for his Childrens sake :
Observea solemn offring dayes,
Their peace with G o D to make.
And, whether Feast or Fast they shall,
The very same, to do,
Is, now, as comely, for us all,
And, still, as needfull too.

2 Of Praife, and Prayer, therefore, to thee
An Offring, L o R D, I give :
Accepted let my praifes be ;
And, my requestes receive.
I thank thee that a Parents name,
Thy Servant, yet enjoyes,
And, that the comforts of the same,
No sad mishap destroyes.

3 I praise thee, for the hopes I hold,
Of blessings, yet to come,
Which

Which (if thy mercie saile me should)

 My Sins, might bar me from.

And, I beseech thee, not to heed,

 With an aspect severe,

The many sins which in my *fed*,

 May to thy sight appear.

4 From those ill *customes*, which beget

 Habituated Sins;

From those ill *counfells*, which do let

 The Works that Grace begins :

From those lewd *Mates*, who poyson *youth*,

 By sweeting *Vices* bayts ;

LoRD, keep my Children by thy Truth,

 From these, and their deceits.

5 From *Sathan*s wiles through ev'ry age,

 Protected let them be ;

From *crying-sins*, from *passions* rage,

 Preferve them all fo free.

And, of the world's prosperities,

 Bestow on *me* and *mine* ;

Nor more nor lesse, then may suffice

 To keep us, alwaies, *thine*.

H Y M N X I I I I.

For Parents who have lost their Children.

This consolatory Hymn, may be usefull for Parents, who being deprived of all their Children, are nigh oppressed with grief ; for, they are hereby remembred,

*bred, that (all casualties considered) they may have
as much cause to rejoice as grieve.*

Sing this as the Lamentation.

Quite lost, are now mine ayerie Joyes,
Once promis'd by a fruitfull wombe :
For my *Dear-issie*, Death destroies ;
And, full of grieve, I am become.

Those *eyes*, whereon I lov'd to look ;
The *Voices*, which made glad mine eare ;
Are out of sight, and hearing, took :
And, shall no more delight me, here.

2 I am a plant whose leaves are cropt ;
Whose pleasant fruit is pluck'd away ;
Whose hopefull branches, down are lopt ;
And left without a *living-Spray*.

To call me *Father* none is left ;
My Songs, to mournfull tunes are made,
And, all the pleasures are bereft,
Which in a *Childe*, I might have had.

4 Yet, all rejoicing is not gone ;
For, in my forrows, comforts be :
Becaufe, the *Soul* which I bemone,
Is found of *G o d*, though lost to me.

And as those *hopes* are frustate made
Wherein I would have took delight ;
Even fo the *Fears* I shoud have had,
Prevented are, and put to flight.

4 By want, by sicknesse, or disgrace,
By folly or by wilfull sin,

My

My *seed*, in this unsteddy place ;
To me great sorrows might have bin.

But I (who now do hope the best
And see the worst that can succeed)
From all such fears, am now releast ;
And, from ten thousand doubtings, freed.

5 This, likewise, adds to my content
That while I *militant* shall be,
God, his *Triumphant-Church*, augments,
By thereto, making use of me :

I, therefore, with a ready Will,
And with our humble heart, resign
To him, (his pleasure to fulfill)
My *Seed*; my *Self*; and all that's *mine*.

HYMN XV.

For such as are Barren.

Barrennesse, is objected by some as a *Reproach*, and
many are much discomfited thereby. This Ode
hath for their *Comfort*, therefore, briefly expressed
such things as may be helpfull to prevent, or miti-
gate, their disconsolation.

Y^OU, that, in Children fruitfull are,
Upbraid ye not, the *barren-wombe* :
As though, the *carnall*-*seed* you bear,
Should make you happy to become.

Nor let it much afflict thy heart,
Who canst not of that blesing boast.

As

As if, (because thou childeſſe art)
The, beſt contentments, quite, were lost.
2 In thinking ſo, we are beguiled :
For, bliſſe depends not thereupon.
Though *Hannah* joyed in her childe ;
By Children, *Eli*, was undone.

Nay ſhe that bare the *bliſſed-birth*,
(Though in ſo ſuffering, bleſt ſhe were)
Had many Sorrows here on earth,
Occaſion'd by the Childe ſhe bare.

3 If to prolong their carnall care
A *bliſſe* therein *effeſtuall*, had
Then, *Cain* more bleſt then *Abel* was,
And, *Cham* a bleſſed man was made.

Then, *he*, whom Ravens came to feed ;
And, *he*, that was by him, fore-ſhown,
Had left behind then *carnall feed*,
And, this way, *bliſſed*, ſhould have grown.
4 Yea, he that us by *Grace*, begot,
Did carnall fruitfulneſſe neglect,
And, therefore, ſure, it profits not,
The beſt perfeſtions to effect.

Nay, many times it rather lets,
That happieneſſe, which here, is ſought :
For, man ſometimes a childe begets ;
By whom, to ruine ; he is brought.

5 When *outward-things* away are worn,
They ſhall to us become as dear,
Whom others have begot or born,
As theſe whom we beget or bear.

And,

And, he effects a greater good,
Who gives to one, a *ghosly birth*,
Then he, who gets of *flesh and blood*,
Enough to people all the earth.

6 I, therefore will not grieve nor pine,
That in the flesh, I barren seem :
But, seek an *Off-spring*, more divine,
And, covet fruit of more esteem.

My minde hereafter, I will give
The *seed of Grace*, to entertain,
And, that bleſt iſſue to conceive,
Which needs not to be *born-again*.

7 The *bread*, my *Children* ſhould have eat,
The *cloth*, I purpoſ'd they ſhould wear,
May be the needy *Orphaneſ meat* ;
And, Robes for theiſ, who naked are.
The *Tendance* which they ſhould have had,
Upon the *ſick*, may be beſtow.

And others may be happy made,
By what (perhaps) had mard mine own.

8 Yea, peradventure, to this end,
The *Wombe* is cloſed unto me ;
That, I on *G o d*, might more attend,
And, *Parent*, to his *Children*, be.

Wherein, if I perform his will ;
He, that knows what beſts us beſt,
Shall then in me his words fulfiill ;
Who faid, *the barren ſhould be bleſt*.

HYMN XVI.

For Children, having Parents living.

Children consider not as they ought the many benefits which they enjoy by their Parents. Therefore, to begt in them thankfulness, dutifulnesse, and a serious heedfulness of the blessing, possessed by the life of their Parents, this Hymn is tendered to their use.

Sing this as the 4 Psalme.

A Mong these blessings which on me,
Thou doft, oh L O R D, bestow,
For that, my Parents living be,
Leaft thanks, I do not owe.
Because, things needfull they provide,
My Body, to fustain ;
And, my unruly youth to guide,
Take, hourely, care and pain.
2 As, happie, made, in them, I am ;
In me, fo bleffe thou them ;
That, them I neither grieve nor shame,
Nor their advise contemn.
But, them fo let me still obey,
And, fo, in grace, encrease ;
That, long, with comfort live they may ;
And, end their dayes in peace.
3 The Being, which to me they gave,
Do thou, for me, requite ;
And,

And, that *well-being*, let them have,
 In which they shall delight.
 As in my Childhood, kinde they were,
 Though often I transgreſt)
 So, with fuch frailties, let me bear,
 As may Old Age molest.
 4 My *Body* was in them begun ;
 Their *Souls*, and mine, in *thee* :
 When, therefore, this lifes Round is run,
 Divided let's not be.
 But in thy Path, fo teach our feet,
 To travell without blame ;
 That, we, at laſt, in thee, may meet,
 From whence, at firſt, we came.

H Y M N X V I I.

For Orphans.

In this Hymn, Orphans are taught ſo to conſider their loſſe and diſadvantage in being deprived of their Parents, that it may stir them up to a firm dependence on G o D, and to be thankfull for his merciſfull Providence.

Sing this as the former.

Bvt that I may on thee, oh L o R d,
 And, on thy help depend,
 (Beauſte I have thy gracious word,
 Poor *Orphans*, to defend)

I should become so overprest
With forrows, or with fear,
That, of safe-being, or of Rest,
Small hope, would now appear.

2 For, they who should from wrong protect ;
And, needfull things purvay,
Yea, they who should my Course direct ;
Are taken quite away.

And fnares, oppressions, and deceits,
Are multiplied fo,
That, of their Force, or of their fleights ;
I still, in danger go.

3 To thee, therefore, in my distresie,
My voice, advanc'd I have,
Thy former Mercies, to confesse,
And, future help to crave.

For, meerely of thy love, it was,
That, I am undestroyed ;
And, that, I thus confesse whose grace,
Is thereunto employ'd.

4 Oh L O R D ! my *Guardian*, be thou still ;
Fill thou, my *Parents* Roome.
To do me good, and keep from ill ;
My *Parent*, now, become.

And, when thy *Children* called are
Their heritage, to take ;
Let me among them have a-share,
For thy dear mercies sake.

H Y M N X V I I I.

For a Lover in generall.

Most make a jest of that naturall affection which is termed Love ; yet, in the well ordering of that Passion, depends the temporall happiness, or unhappiness of most men and women. This Hymn was therefore, composed to instruct and remember Lovers how to moderate that Affection, and to invoke divine assistance.

Sing this as the 51. Psalme.

TAke heed my heart, for in my brest ;
 I, kindled feel a warm desire,
 Which if not ordred or supprest,
 May prove, at length, a banefull fire,
 Therewith to play, though few do fear,
 Yet, they who safely, scape the same,
 By pow-r-divine, preserved are ;
 As were the *Children*, in the *flame* :

2 If (as men call it) *Love* it be ;
Love is, me thinks, too much my Foe,
 In taking, sleep and rest, from me.

Who know no cause it should do so.

In other thoughts, I spend the day
 Then, heretofore, I mus'd upon :
 Mine hours, I often figh away ;
 I, pleasure take to be alone.

3 And, though, some, this diseafe deride,
 Great flouds of teares the same hath cost.

Some,

Some have been shamed ; some, have dide ;
And, some, thereby their wits have lost.

Therefore, that I may take no harm
Whilst in my heart, such passions dwell,
With faith in G o d, I sing this *charm* :
And, *he*, I hope, will speed it well.

4 Lo R d ! since in me, a youthfull heat,
Those kindly motions, hath begun,
Which *nature* doth in us beget ;
And, *humane-Reason* cannot shun :

Grant me thy gracious ayd, I pray ;
And, for my safeguard, so provide ;
That, what I cannot quite allay,
I may (through thy assistance) guide.

5 To understand, instruct my wit,
How far I may my fancie please :
Or, how far forth I should admit,
A future pain, for present eafe.

Let not my heart, be made a prize ;
To them, who true affections wrong ;
To wanton smiles, or lustfull eyes,
Or, to a tempting *Syrens* tongue.

6 Let me be neither fool'd nor catch'd ;
By honour, wealth, or painted skin.
Nor with unseemly yeers be match'd ;
Nor with an evill famed kin.

But, chuse thou forth for me a *mate*,
Which, truly, may my equall be
In birth, in yeers, and in estate ;
Or, have what wants suppli'd by thee.

7 Yea, let me my *Affections*, place,
 Where, like *Affection*, may be found ;
 Where, *Vertue* may be joyn'd with *Grace* ;
 And, both with equall voice be crown'd,
 That, thou maist in our *love*, delight,
 And, that we may, by *Love*, ascend,
 In our *Affections*, to that height ;
 And, to that *Love*, which hath an end.

H Y M N X I X.

For *Lovers* being constrained to be
 absent from each other.

Though this, and the like passions, are little heed-ed, and leſſe pitied, by such as think themſelves wife ; yet, through want of counſell and meaſns to direct or qualifie ſuch affections, many inconveniences follow, which might be prevented, by this, or ſome ſuch meditation, as are tended in this Hymn.

Now, that thou and I muſt *part*,
 And, ſince *parting* is a pain,
 Which in ev'ry loving heart,
 Will, in *Loves* deſpight, remain :
 Charmes of grief, let us provide,
 Whilſt together we abide.
 And, as gladly as we may,
 Strive, to ſing our care away.

2 *Deareſt*,

2 Dearest, weep not, sigh not so :
For, it is nor *Time* nor *place*,
That, can much divide us two,
Though, it part us, for a space.

Neither shall be left alone,
When, asunder, we are gone :
I, in thee, and thou in me,
Shall, for ever, dwelling be.

3 In our *flesh*, indeed, we finde
Sense of that, which we shall misse ;
But, it is within the *minde*,
Where, the essence of it is.

Mindes, may with each other stay,
When their *Bodies* are away;
And, since our fame can do,
Whither from thee can I do?

4 If thou fear, lest death may bar,
From that meeting we desire ;
Know, that, thou and I (*my Dear*)
Shall, thereby, be brought the nigher

Since, in G o d, our hearts have met,
Death, our meetings, cannot let.

Nor can love, like ours, begun ;
Be in life, or death, undone.

5 Therefore, now no more, lament ;
What avoyded cannot be :
But, in him, remain content,
Who endear'd me first to thee.

To his Armes I thee bequeath,
To be found in life, or death :

S 2 Where,

Where, till I review thy face,
Rest, my *Dear*, in his embrace.

HYMN XX.

For *Lovers* tempted by carnall desires.

*From these carnall suggestions, whereby wantons
are encouraged to fulfill unchaste longings; occasion
is here taken, to cherish in true Lovers, rather
such affections as beget and continue an everlasting
ing-love.*

Come, sweet-heart, come, let us prove,
Whilst we may the joyes of *Love*.
To each other, let us give
All our longings, whilst we live :
For, what most we fear to lose,
Slowly comes, and swiftly goes ;
And, the pleasure we delay,
May be lost, anon, for aye.
2 Those faire *Lamps*, which trim the skies,
Daily set, and daily rise :
But, when we have lost our *Light*,
Everlasting, is our *night*.
We, shall see nor *Torch*, nor *Star*,
To informe us, where, we are.
Therefore, come ; come, let us prove,
While we may, the Joyes of *Love*.
3 Thus, the *carnall-dotard* sings ;
Woing shades, as reall things :

All

All his hopes, and all his Joyes,
Sicknesse, Age, or death destroyes,
Fancies vain, and *Foolish-fires*,
Are the Guides of his Desires :
And, his bliffe, and chiefeſt good,
Builded is, on *Fleſh* and *Blood*.

4 But, my *Dear*, and *I*, do clime ;
To Affections, more ſublime.
Neither welfare, nor diſtrefſe,
Makes our love the more, or leſſe ;
Nor have outward things the pow'r,
To miſlead ſuch love as our ;
And, it ſtill abides the fame,
Whether praife it hath or blame.

5 When the *Beauties*, which adorn
Fleſh and *Blood*, away are worn ;
From thoſe Ruins, which will raife
Objects worth more love, and praife :
Yea, when Sicknesſe, Age or Death,
Shall deprive of health and breath,
Youthfull Strength, could never yet ;
Gain the bliffe, we then ſhall get.

6 Therefore, *Stars*, and *Moon*, and *Sun*,
Vnenvi'd, your Courses run.
We, without diſtrift or feare,
Keep our motions in our *Sphere* :
For, we know, we ſhall arife,
After death puts out our eyes ;
And, obtain a light Divine,
Which will *Moon* and *Sun* out ſhine.

H Y M N X X I.

For one contentedly married.

The intent of this Ode is to shew that our natural Affections are never fully satisfied in the choice of our helpers, untill GOD bring man and wife together by (as it were) making the one out of the other, through a frequent conversing together, and by observing and approving each others condition; which is never done till these passions are cast into a sleep, which make them dote on wealth, honour, beautie, and such unfit marriage-makers.

Sing this as I loved thee once, &c.

SInce they in *singing*, take delight,
Who, in their love, unhappy be ;
Why should not I in *song* delight,
Who, from their sorrow, now, are free ;
That, such as can beleeve, may know,
What comforts are on earth below.
And, prove what blessings may be won,
By loving, so, as I have done.
2 When first *Affection* warm'd my blood,
Which was, ere Wit could ripened be ;
(And, ere I fully understood,
What fire it was that warmed me)
My youthfull heat, a *Love* begat ;
That *Love* did love, I know not what ;
But,

But, this I know ; I felt more pains,
Then many a broken heart sustains.

3 When yeers, inform'd me how to fee
What had such wandring passions wrought ;
The more my knowledge grew to be,
The greater torment, still, it brought.

Then, fought I meanstocure loveswound ;
The more I fought, lesse ease I found ;
And, milder pangs then I have had,
Makes many *Lovers*, sick and mad.

4 I have a deep indented heart,
Which, no content would let me finde,
Vntill her proper Counterpart,
Should thereunto, be firmly joyn'd.

Er'e far I fought, or searched much,
I many found, who seemed such :
But, them, when I did neerly view,
Not *one*, in heart, was fully true.

5 Alas ! thought I ; To what I seek
Why should so many draw so neer,
And, at the last, prove nothing like,
To what, at first, they did appear ?

So much, why do so many please,
Since, I was made for none of these ?
And, why in shew, have I been *one*,
Beloved much, yet lov'd of none ?

6 Could *wealth* have bought my *marr'age-bed*,
Or *honour* brought me true delight ;
I could, these wayes, have better sped,
Then many do beleeve I might.

S 4

Nay

Nay, *Beautie*, though none loves it more ;
 Nor proffred Loves, though I had store,
 Could make me think, now, found is she,
 That proves a *Helper*, fit for me.

7 Nor Ease, nor Pleasure could I finde,
 In *Beautie*, *honour*, *love*, or *pelfe* ;
 Nor means, to gain a fetled minde,
 Till I had found my *second-self*.

Thus, till our *Grandame* Eve was made,
 No helper our first *Parent* had :
 Which proves a *Wife*, in value, more
 Then all the Creatures, made before.

8 Half tir'd, in seeking what I sought,
 I fell into a sleep at last :
 And, *God*, for me, my wishes wrought,
 When hope of them, were almost past.

With *Adam*, I this favour had,
 That, out of *Me*, my *Wife* was made :
 And, when I waked, I espide ;
 That, *God* for me had found a *Bride*.

9 How he this *Riddle*, brought to passe,
 This *curious-world* shall never heare.
 A secret Work, of his, it was,
 Not fit for ev'ry vulgar eare.

Out of *each-other*, form'd were we ;
 Within a *third*, our *Beings* be :
 And, our *Well-being* was begun,
 By being in our *selves*, undone.

10 I have the height of my desire ;
 In secret, no dislike I finde.

Love,

Love, warms me with a kindly fire ;
No Jealous pangs, torment my minde.

I breath no figh, I make no mone,
As others do, and I have done ;
Nor do I mark, nor do I care,
How faire, or lovely, others are.
11 My heart, at quiet, lets me lie,
And moves no passions, in my brest :
Nor *tempting-tongue*, nor *speaking-eye*,
Nor *smiling-lip*, can break my rest.

The *Peer* I fought, by me, is found :
My earthly hopes, by thee are crown'd ;
And, I in *one*, all pleasures finde,
That may be found, in *woman-kinde*.

12 Each hath, of other like esteem ;
And, what that is, we need not tell :
For, we are *one*, though *two*, we feem ;
And, in each others heart, we dwell.

There, dwels *he* too embracing us,
By whom, we were endeared, thus.
He, makes us rich, though feeming poor ;
And, when we want, will give us more.
13 L o R D, let our *Love* in thee begin,
In thee, likewise, continuance have :
And, if thy *Will* may so be done,
Together lodge us in one *grave*.

Thence, on the *Lambs* great *wedding-day*,
Raife us together, from the clay :
And, where the *Bridegroom* doth remain,
Let us both *live*, and *love*, again.

HYMN XXII.

For a Husband.

*The Knowledge, Conscience, Prudence, and Affecti-
on becoming a husband, is here partly expressed
in hope, that by the perusal and use of this Hymn;
some shall be the better continued in their Conju-
gall amitie; and some become better husbands
then they were.*

Sing this as the 1 Psalme.

COnfession of the same I owe,
And, thanks, oh L O R D, to thee.
That, thou art pleased to bestow
A *helper*, fitting me.
For, they that wed, and then repent,
(Though others they condemn)
Were cause of their own discontent,
And, had what fitted them.
2 A *wife* sometime, is thought a curse,
(And therefore disesteem'd)
When, he that ownes her had been worse,
If she had better seem'd.
As, good examples breed, in some,
More vertues, then they had ;
Some, likewise, better do become,
By finding others bad.
3 L O R D, let me alwaies mannage well
The blessing, I have got ;
And,

And, so with my companion dwell ;
That, her, I injure not.

Preserve us, to each other kinde,
With so much true respect,
That, we may no occasion finde,
Of doubtings, or neglect.

4 Let me not yeeld up my *command*,
To her, that should obay ;
Nor, on my pow'r, more strictly stand,
Then *Love*, with Reason may.

But, let me still so act my part,
And, be so well advis'd ;
That, I may neither grieve her heart,
Nor make my self despis'd.

5 Though other Women may be thought,
With more endowments blest,
Let me beleeve, that mine hath brought,
What shall beft me best.

And, at her frailties if I shall,
In word, or thought, repine ;
Let me consider there withall ;
What she may think of mine.

6 When other women shall appear,
More pleasurefull, to be,
Make me suspect that *Sathan* there,
Hath laid a *baite* for me :
And, give me grace the same to shun,
And, earnestly to pray,
That, ere a *folly* may be done,
Thy *Love*, prevent it may.

7 Our Saviour *Christ*, hath signifide,
 What love, a *husband* owes,
 By that, which on his *holy-Bride*,
 He graciously bestows.
 Therefore, so neer, as unto that,
 Imperfect *Love* may reach,
 L O R D, give us grace to imitate
 What his examples teach.

H Y M N X X I I I.

For a Wife.

Wives, are hereby taught, to feek in and from G o d,
 the perfection of their conjugall Amitie ; this
 Hymn endavours also, to insinuate the Affection
 and Obedience beseeming, pious and vertuous
 wives, by teaching their longues to confess, and
 expresse their duties.

Sing this as the former.

Except, when kindest we appear,
 (And faithfulest are thought)
 Our Loves, in G o d, confirmed are,
 They quickly come to nought.
 For, our own *Vertue*, at the best,
 Is but a *gilded-fin.*
 And, when most friendship is profest,
 Much falsehood, lurks therein.
 No Joy, or grief, can in this life,
 More sweet, or bitter be ;
 Then,

Then, when the *Husband* and the *Wife*,

Shall well, or ill agree.

Where they shall rightly sympathize,

The dearest friendship growes :

And, if betwixt them, strifes arise,

They prove the greatest foes.

3 *L*o *R* *D*, rectifie our hearts, therefore,

And sanctifie them so,

That, to each other more and more,

Endeared we may grow ;

Untill our fraile imperfect *Love*,

By sleps, up-raised be.

From things below, to things above ;

And, perfected in thee.

4 Betwixt us let no Jarr's be found,

Or breach of faith be fear'd :

Within our walks, let not the found,

Of bitter words be heard :

But, let the peacefull Turtle dove,

In quiet, nestle there,

Learn out the *Songs of blameleffe-Love*,

And sing them all the year.

5 Preserve me from those *peevish-tricks*,

Which merit scorn or hate ;

From all those humours of my sexe,

Which wife mens love abate.

From *gaming-hands*, from *wandring feet*,

From fond and *vain attires* ;

From *eyes that rowle about the street*,

And, bring home loofe desires.

6 *Let*

6 Let this in mind be alwaies had
 (My husband to prefer)
The Woman for the Man was made,
 And,not the *Man*,for *her*.
 Yea,since thy holy word hath faid,
 The *Wife* should him obay,
 As *Christ* is of his *Church* obayd ;
 L O R D,grant that so I may.

7 And,that my heart may not despise
 His pleasure to fulfill ;
 Let his commands be just and wife,
 Discreet, and loving still :
 For,when the *Husband* loves the *Wife*,
 As *Christ* example gives ;
Subjection,yeelds the sweetest life,
 That any creature lives.

8 It causeth him that is above,
 The kinder still to grow.
 It drawes him by the cords of love,
 To fet himself below :
 And *She* that his *Inferiour* was,
 By *Order*,and *Degree* ;
 Through Love,Humilitie, and Grace,
 His *equall*,sloops to be.

H Y M N X X I I I .

For a Man in generall.

Few men so consider the Priviledges of their Sexe as to be thankfull for the same, by which neglect they sometime abuse their Prerogatives. The amendment of which oversights was aymed at by offering this Hymn to be sometime used.

Great (oh L O R D) thy favour was,

That, a *Being* I have gain'd.

Greater was in this thy Grace:

That, therewith I life obtain'd.

But, in that, the *Soul* I had

Thou with *Reason*, hast endow'd ;

And, to *Reason*, *Faith* didst add,

Greater *Mercy* hath bin show'd.

2 These large favours, I confesse ;

And, consider their esteem.

Yet, I value nev'rtheles.

Those that lower-prized seem.

Therefore, L O R D , (in what I can)

Thanks I now to thee return,

That, I was brought forth a *Man*,

Rather, then a *Woman* born.

3 Not that I their *Sexe* despise ;

Or, too much exalt mine own :

For,

For,in these I were unwise ;
And,more *Pride*,then *Thanks* had shewn.

 But(the Truth to thee I'le speak)
Though men strongest counted are,
I confesse my self too weak,
*Female Suff'ring*s well to bear.

4 For,when I observe the pains,
Which,purſue a *childing-wombe*,
And,the torments it sustains
When the hour of Birth is come ;

 When I heed the nightlie care,
Which the *nursing-mouths* procure,
Grievous things,methinks they are,
Which a *Woman* doth endure.

5 To submit my *knowing-Soul*,
(As they oft are fain to doe)
To a churl,a fools controul,
And perhaps dishonest too.

 There my Bodie to ſubject,
Where I loath to draw my breath ;
And,by Nature diſaffeſt,
Would be worfe to me then death.

6 I will thankfull therefore be,
That,at better eafe I feem ;
And,exprefſe my thanks to thee,
In a due reſpect of *them* :

 For,as firſt a *Woman's* blame,
Was occaſion of our *Fall* :
So ; firſt,by a *Woman* came
That,which makes amends for all.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXV.

For a Woman in generall.

Women are otherwhile uncivilly upbraided by imprudent men of the fraillties of their Sexe. To comfort againſt ſuch Reproaches, ſome things illuſtrating the worthineſſe of their Sexe, are here exprefſed, and mixt with divine conſolations.

Sing this as the 1. Psalme.

MY Grandame *Eve*, I curſt not **L O R D**,
Nor vilifie her Name ;
Though, for her Sin upon record,
Her Sons our Sexe defame :
For, what without my fault was lost,
I may again poſſeſſe
Repurchaſt at anotherſ cost,
Without my Righteousnes.

2 Our Sexe was firſt in that offence,
For which *Mankinde* was ſhent ;
And, we have ſuffered ever ſince,
The greatest punishment.
The vileſt of our humane race,
Upbrayd us for that Sin,
So aggravating our disgrace,
As if they cleare had bin.

3 For, giving paſſage, to our *L uſt*,
Thy Curse abideth ſtill.

And,

And our *Desire*, subiect we must,
Vnto anothers will.

In sorrow, our conceptions are ;
And, oftentimes in vain.

With sicknes were our children bore ;
And bring them forth with *Pain*.

4 Yet, L O R D, we have a Joy in thee,
Which none can take away.

And Hopes, which cannot frustrate be,
Till we our selvess betray.

The greater Croffes we sustaine,
(Whil'st in the Flesh we bide)

The greater honour, we shall gain,
When we are glorifie.

5 Thy meanest *Hand maid* in distresse,
If she in Faith complains ;

Shall in her forrowes find redresse,
And, easse for all her pains.

Both *Hannahs* plaints, and *Hagars* cries,
Thou gracioufly didst heed.

And ev'ry *Woman*, who relies
On thee in time of need.

6 Though foolish men our *Serv* despise,
And hold us in contempt ;

From thy most holy *Mysteries*
We never were exempt.

By some of us, thy *Messages*,
Have to thy *Church* bin sent ;

And, men have born with good successe,
A *Womans* government.

7 Yea,

7 Yea, by the Woman-side he came,
Whose grace hath means procur'd
To free us from the death and shame,
Which all had elfe endur'd.
What e're, to others we may seem,
With *Him*, nor *Bond*, nor *Free*,
Nor *Male*, nor *Female* want esteem,
If they shall faithfull be.

H Y M N X X V I.

For Virgins.

This Hymn teacheth Virgins to behave themselves with discreet and chaste moderation, according to the gift they have received ; neither striving for the Garland of perpetuall Virginity, beyond their power, nor shunning it, being made capable thereof ; but rather submitting both mind and bodie, to what G o d calls them unto.

Z Eal to *God-Almighty*es praise,
And his worlship to attend,
Hallow'd some in former daies,
To be *Virgins* to their end :
Virgins, firme in Age and Youth,
To the love of *spotleffe-Truth* :
Nor defil'd, nor drawn aside
By the baits of Lust, or Pride.

2 These

2 These,are they whom *Grace* ordaines
To be present day and night,
Where the blessed *Lambe* remains ;
And,to wear long Robes of white.

Robes,more white then mountain snow ;
Or, the Lillies,where they grow :
Robes more glorious,then those are,
Which Earth's greatest Princes wear.

3 L O R D,my Bodie yet is free,
From a wanton fleshlie touch ;
Happie will my portion be,
If I still may fay as much.

For,when toyous we begin,
Luft will quickly enter in :
And though first,the breach be small,
That,at last,will ruine all.

4 If a *Virgin* to remain,
For thy service,may be best ;
Make me able to contain ;
That no *Longings* me molest.

Let our *Pride*,nor cauilesse *Fears*,
Dread of *Want*,or outward *Cares*,
To that life,a motive be ;
But meer Love of serving thee.

4 Though,some skoffingly,upbrayd
Those that aged *Virgins* are ;
Let not that which fools have said,
From a praisfull course deter.

Neither let a *Virgins* name,
Make me dote upon the same,

Till

Till those raging fires begin,
Which provoke to *deadly-Sin*.
6 To keep chaste the *marriage-bed*,
Is a virtue more of worth,
Then to keep a *maiden-head* ;
Though fome set it fairer forth.

A N G E L S, *Virgins* are, they fay,
So, are *Flowers*, as well as they ;
And, as much (for ought I know)
Merit praise for being fo.
7 If a *Helper*, help me may,
Better to perform thy *Will* ;
Such a one, for me purvay,
And, be then our *Helper* still.

I desire not to obtain,
What meer *Fancie* seeks to gain ;
But, in that would spend my daies,
Which may most advance thy praise.
8 Some, unfit for *Wedlock* seem,
Others, *Virgins* cannot live :
Ev'ry gift should have esteem,
Which it pleases thee to give.

Whatfoe're, therefore, it be
Which thy Love confers on me,
Make me, fo my gift to prize,
That, no other, I despise.

9 To what state so e're thou hast
Me, for time to come, design'd ;
Keep thy servant ever chaste,
Both in *Body*, and in *Mind*.

For,

For,if *Chastitie* be there,
 Both estates made equall are :
 And,ev'n that,which best is thought,
 Wanting this,proves worse then naught.

H Y M N X X V I I.

For a *Widower*,or a *Widow* deprived of a
 loving Yoke-fellow.

*That such as be deprived of their most deare compa-
 nions, may not be swallowed up in excessive griefe,
 and so forget their Christian hopes and duties, this
 Hymn teacheth a moderate expressing of their na-
 turall Passions;and remembers them of things not
 to be forgotten in their sorrow.*

Sing this,as I loved thee once.

How neer me,came the hand of Death,
 When at my fide,he struck my *Dear!*
 And took away the precious breath,
 Which quick'ned my beloved *Peer*?
 How helplesse,am I thereby made !
 By day,how griev'd / by night,how sad !
 And,now my lifes delight is gone,
 Alas ! how am I left alone !
 2 The *Voice*,which I did more esteem,
 Then musick in her sweetest key ; Those

Those eies which unto me did feem,
More comfortable then the day :

 Those,now by me(as they have been),
 Shall never more be heard or feen ;
But,what I once enjoy'd in them,
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

3 All earthlie comforts vanish thus :
So little hold of them have we,
That,we from *them*,or *they* from *us*,
May in a moment ravish'd be.

 Yet,we are neither just nor wife,
 If present mercies we despise ;
Or mind not,how there may be made
A thankfull use of what we had.

4 I therefore,do not so bemoan
(Though these befeeming tears I drop)
The losse of my *beloved-One*,
As they that are depriv'd of hope ;

 But,in expressing of my grief,
 My heart receiveth some relief ;
And,joyeth in the good I had,
Although my *sweets*,are *bitter* made.

5 LORD,keep me faithfull to the trust,
Which my dear *Spouse* repos'd in me.
To him now dead,preferve me just ;
In all,that should performed be :

 For,though our being *Man* and *Wife*,
 Extendeth only to this life ;
Yet,neither *Life* nor *Death*,should end
The being of a *faithfull-Friend*.

6 These

6 Those helps which I through him enjoy'd,
Let thine continuall ayd supplie ;
That, though some hopes in him are voyd,
I, alwaies may on *thee* relie.

And, whether I shall *wed* again,
Or, in a *single-plate* remain,
Vnto thine honour, let it be ;
And, for a blessing unto me.

HYMN XXVIII.

For a *Widower*, or a *Widow* delivered from a
troublousome Yoke-fellow.

*Because deliverance from a troublousome Yoke-fellow,
is a benefit neither to be despised nor undiscruetly
rejoyced in ; this Hymn teacheth with what mo-
deration, with what tendernesse of heart, and with
what desire we shoulde be affected in such casis.*

Sing this as the Lamentation.

Rejoice not without fear, my heart,
That, thou by death's impartiall stroke,
Discharged from thy *Partner* art,
And, freed from an unequall Yoke.

Yea, though by means of this divorce,
Thou mayst escape much discontent ;
Yet, both with pittie and remorse,
Consider well, of this event.

2 For.

2 For, as when first the *Jewijh-Lawes*,
Divorcements, tolerable made
The hardnes of their heart was cause,
That such a Course permission had.

So, an obduratenes of thine,
Some cause might peradventure, be
That G O D, (who fees when men repine)
Hath from thy Mate, released thee.

3 Triumph not, therefore, in thy lot,
As if thy merits were the more ;
But, use the freedome thou haſt got,
With meeknes ; and thy Sins deplore.
For, if G O D S eye had bin fevere
In marking how I gave offence,
He had prolong'd my torment here ;
Or else, in wrath remov'd me hence.

4 When *Man* and *Wife* shall disagree,
Though one of them leſſe guiltie prove,
Yet, neither of them, quite are free
From breaking of the Law of *Love*.

And, to be blameleſſe, doth sometimes
Those proud, or foolish thoughts infuse,
Which make more guiltie, then the crimes,
For which we others do accuse.

5 Vnto the *Soul-departed*, L O R D,
(Although it often hath tranſgreſt)
I hope, thy mercy doth afford,
Well-being, in a place of reſt.

And, for each wrong ſustain'd by me,
Whilſt in the Fleſh it did remain,

T

(As

(As also for my wrongs to thee)

I beg thy pardon to obtain.

6 And, that I may conclude my race

With leſſe offence, and more content;

Vouchsafe me thy *afflīg̃-grace*,

Ensuing errors to prevent.

And, if thy providence allowes

Another helper unto me;

L O R D, keep us faithfull in our vowes,

Both to each other, and to thee.

H Y M N XXIX.

For a Cleargie-man.

*Though most Cleargie-men know well enough what
meditations are pertinent to their Callings; yet,
some of them being otherwhile forgetfull of what
they know, we have inserted this Hymn to remem-
ber them, who shall not despise to be remembred
thereby.*

W Hatsoe're my motives were,
When this *Calling* I affum'd,
Many times, I greatly fear,
Lest I overmuch presum'd :
For, whose ablenes of wit,
Oh most glorious King of Kings !
Or, whose holines, is fit
To dispence thy sacred things;

2 When

2 When those honours I perceive,
Whereto some of us ascend ;
And, what portions thou dost give
On thine Altar to attend.

When I mind my private charge,
And, what Audit I must yeeld.

For my *Calling*, L O R D, at large,
With fad thoughts, my heart is fill'd !

3 Dreadfull is that fervants doom,
And,accursed is his cafe,
Whom his L O R D, when he shall come,
Finds unfaithfull in his place.

For, at ev'ry Shepherd's hand,
Who neglects his *Flock* to keep ;
Thou wilt strict accounts demand,
For the blood, of ev'ry Sheep.

4 Therefore, LORD, for thine own sake,
In thy feare, preferve me so,
That, I still may conscience make,
Of the work thou call'st me to.

Yea, preserve me from their sin,
Who by fleecing of thy flock,
Have both cloth'd and fatted bin,
And, thy threat'ned Judgements mock.

5 Let the *Doctrines* which I preach,
Be from errors alwaies free :
Let the *Truth* which I shall teach,
By *good-life* confirmed be.

Let me evermore have care,
True *Devotion*, true increase;

T 2 And,

And of those *nice-things* beware,
Which may break the *band* of *Peace*.

6 Pardon all which merits blame,
In my entrance to this Place ;
My great failings in the same,
L O R D, forgive me of thy grace :

And, that none of these be lost
Which to me committed were,
Let his ayd, whose life they cost,
Help me, where my failings are.

H Y M N XXX.

For a Laie-man.

GOD usually *blesseth* a *pious* and *obedient* *Laitie*,
with *discreet* and *godly* *Pastors*, and *froward*
Sheep are *justly* *committed* to *negligent Shepherds*.
The Laitie, therefore, are by this *Hymn* *instructed*
to praise *GOD* for their *faithfull* *Pasflors*, *to pray*
for them ; and to *yield* them all due honour, *obedi-*
ence and *necessary supplies*.

Sing this as the 25. *Psalme*.

Not in a mean degree,
Am I obliged, L O R D,
For thy enlight'ning grace to me,
Vouchfaded by thy *Word* :
Nor lesse oblig'd am I,
To sing thy daily praise,
That,

That,I have guids to rectifie
 My knowledge, and my waies.
 2 For,through each Age,oh G o D,
 Thy *Priests* thou hast ordain'd,
To spread that *saving-Truth* abrode,
 Whereby our blisse is gain'd.
 Yea, they thy Shepherds be,
 Thy *Flocks* to feed and keep ;
And,home to bring,again to thee,
 Thy weak, and wandring Sheep.
 3 LORD,fit them for that place,
 Which they are call'd unto,
By giving them both *gifts* and *grace*,
 Their duties well to do.
 And,forme in us,we pray,
 Such fruits of true belief,
That,their Accounts they render may,
 With *Joy*,and not with *Grief*.
 4 As *Messengers* from thee,
 Let me their errants hear,
And of their place respective be,
 Though mean their persons are.
 And,let me not refuse,
 Or murmur,to bestow
Those honours,or those other dues
 Which I to them shall owe.
 5 Lest *Vzzah*-like I fare,
 Let me no medler be,
In things that confecrated are ;
 But,as besemeth thee.

T 3

And

(And when thy *Word* I read
 (That I may shun offence)
 Thy grace vouchsafe me to take heed
 Of *Errors* private fense.
 6 That,I may likewise,heed
Truths Path,let me have care,
 To find their *Tents*,who feed thy Sheep ;
 And,to continue there.
 Yea,that to *them* and *thee*,
 The *Way* be not mistook ;
 Let me still walk,where I may see
 The *Footsteps* of thy *Flock*.

H Y M N X X X I.

For a Lawyer.

A Lawyer conſionably affeſted in a publike bleſſing,
that therefore the uſe or peruſall of this Hymn,
may help remember that which moſt of them very
know,we have added this Meditation.

Sing this as the 10. Commandements.

Keep me throughout my life,oh L O R D ;
 In ſuch a Son-like dread of thee,
 That to the *Cannon* of thy *Word*,
 My praćtice alwaies may agree.
 And,ſince the ſtudie of the *Lawes*,
 For my profession was design'd ;

To

To patronize the righteous cause,
Preserve in me a willing mind.

2 Let nor the gaining of a Fee,
Nor Foes despight,nor Friends desart,
Nor fear,nor want,envieagle me
From faithfull Counsell to depart.

Nor let my *Practise* be like theirs,
Who turn the means of righting wrong,
Into vexations gins, and snares,
Contentious pleadings to prolong.

3 From their base mind preserve me clear
To whom *Judicall-Courts* do seem,
As if they only raised were,
To help enrich and honour them.

And,from their Guilt,preserve me too,
Who,their preferments to increase,
Forbear not publike *wrongs* to do,
Nor,to infringe the *common-peace*.

4 Yea,teach me so to know, and minde,
How much displeased,L O R D ! thou art,
With him that's wilfully inclinde
The Course of *Iustice* to pervert;

That I may never do or say
That,which averse to *Truth* may be ;
Or,set my *Clyent* in a way,
Which may not well approved be.

H Y M N X X X I I .

For a Clyent.

Clyents are oft times through wilfulnesse; or indiffer-
tion, needleſſe occasions of their owne and other
mens molestations. Here therefore, they are put in
minde with what ſinceritie, warinesse, and prudence
they ſhould wage Law, and of whom this temper is
to be ſought.

Sing this as the 23. Psalm.

SO oft as neighbours disagree,
At leaſt, one partie ſtill,
Blameworthie ſhall be found to be,
In Judgement, or in Will.
Nay, many times, on either ſide,
Lawſuits are ſo begun ;
That, neither can be justiſide
In that, which they have done.
2 *Self-Love*, and *Self-conceit*, pervert
The moſt approved *Lawes* ;
They make, ſometimes, an honest heart,
Befriend an evill-Cauſe.
And, few men ſo inclined are
Their errors to behold,
As well in others names they hear
Their own offences told.

3 Therefore,

3 Therefore, since now engag'd I am,
 A *Clyent* to become ;
And must abide with gain or blame,
 The *Lawes* impartiall doom.

 L O R D, grant me grace,to be content
 The *Truth* shoulde alway thrive ;
And,to accept of that event,
 Which thou art pleas'd to give.

4 Let neither peevingnes,nor hate,
 Nor pride,my *Will* deprave :
Nor,thirsting to enlarge my state,
 Endanger what I have.
But,grant me wisdome to foresee,
 (Before I be undone)
How mischievous a *Suit* may be,
 Which rashly is begun.

4 Preserve me from the mind of thofe,
 Who seek by fraud or force,
The *Act*s of *Justice* to expose ;
 Or interrupt her course.
And,lefte this mind may me undoe,
 Affilte let me be,
With *Lawyers*,and with *Judges* too,
 From *Bribes*,and *Falſhood* free.

H Y M N X X X I I I.

For a Phyitian.

It may be some Phyitians will not despise to pre-serve in themselves a Remembrance of their duties, by such a means as this Hymn: howeover, it is here inserted, that it may purposly or accidentally per-forme that office.

OH my G o D ! what helpeth lesse
To preserve us from the Grave,
Then that Art which I professe,
If it please not thee to fave ?

1 And,when sicknes I oppofe,
By what cunning,could I fee
In what secret path it goes ;
If I had not light from thee ?
2 By thine ayd I must discern
Where my Patients grief doth lie :
I,from thee must also learn,
What,thereto I ſhould apply :

3 And,when ſuch weak things as theſe,
Leaves, and Roots, of Plants, and Weeds,
Shall remove a ſtrong diſeaſe,
From thy Virtue,it proceſſes.

3 Therefore,let thy bleſſing ſtill,
With my *Pratife*,go along ;

And,

And,so guide,so blesse my skill,
That no *Patient* may have wrong.

And,their boldnes let me shun,
Who,when *Art* is at a pawse ;
Desp'rate Courses dare to run,
For their *profit*,or *applause*.
Let the grievance of the *Poore*,
Be,for Charitie,of me
As much tended,evermore,
As the *Rich-man's* for a Fee.

And in me,their mind prevent,
Who prolong an easie Cure :
And,their profits to augment,
Make men griev'd,more grief endure.

5 But,fuch Conscience let me make
(In the Calling I professe,)
What I *give*,and what I *take*,
That my *Practise* thou may'st blesse.

And,that when I sick shall be,
I no cause may have,to fear
That,Revenge will ceaze on me,
For neglect of love,or care.

HYMN XXXIIII.

For a Patient.

*One cause that sick persons have so little benefit by the
Physitians ayd, is their neglect of their own duties
to GOD, and themselves ; and for prevention of
these negligences, this Hymn was composed.*

Sing

Sing this, as, VVe praise thee G o D.

LO R D, from the noisome sink of sin,
 Which through our nature goes,
 All Suff'rings do at first begin ;
 Thence all our sicknes flowes.
 And,till the streams of *Grace* thou daign,
 To wash that filth away,
 We labour for that *Health* in vain,
 Which else obtain we may.

2 Most wise *Physician of my Soul!*
 To purge now,therefore,please
 That vicious Fount,of *humors-foul*,
 Which breedeth my disease.
 And,when remov'd those *Causes* be,
 Which my distempers bring,
 Cure also those effects in me,
 Whence my diseafe doth spring.

3 Thy bleffing on that means beftow,
 Which,now I do intend ;
 And,let my heart in all I doe,
 On thee,alone depend.

Yea,that the means which I receive,
 May bring my hopes to pafle ;
 Give me the due preparative
 Of *penitentiall-grace*.

4 For,he that on his Leaches Art,
 Doth over-much relic :
 Or,with an unrepentant heart,
 The means of health,doth trie :

Shall

Shall either misse the wished ease,
Which to obtain, he thought,
Or, gain by health, a worse disease,
Then that, whose cure, he fought.

H Y M N X X X V.

For a Merchant, or Chapman.

*By the use of this Hymn, Merchants may be kept
heedfull of the snares and temptations which they
become lyable unto, by their negotiations; and, what
peace, and profit, will ensue if they be just and
mercifull in their Dealings.*

Sing this as the 4, 5, or 6. Psalms.

V Nleffe, oh L O R D, thy grace thou lend,
To be mine hourely guide,
In ev'ry Word, I do offend;
In ev'ry *slip*, I slide.
For, *earth*, us lawfull Course affords,
That makes men more to blame,
(In fraudfull deeds, and guilefull words)
Then that, whereof I am.
2 When strong *desires of being rich*,
With *means thereto*, are joyn'd;
Good-conscience is endanger'd much,
And, often, cast behind.
Yea, to great wealth men seldom rise
Through what, they *sell* and *buy*,
Except,

Except, to vent their merchandize,
 They, sometime, cheat and lie.

3 The fins, oh L O R D, forgive thou me,
 Which to my trading cleave.
 Vpright, let all my dealings be ;
 That, I may none deceive.
 All my Affaires, instruct me so
 (By prudence) to contrive ;
 That others may, by what I do,
 See, honest waies, to thrive.

4 Permit, not, *Greedineffe of gain,*
 My Conscience to ensnare,
 Or, lode me, with employments vain,
 Or, fill my heart with care.
 Nor make my Goods, a prey to those
 Who, by dishonest waies,
 (Or, by pretending all to lose)
 Themselfes, to riches raife.

5 To those, who poor are that way made,
 Which they could not prevent,
 Let me no cruell burthens add,
 In craving what I lent :
 But, let me do for men distrest,
 (As my estate may bear)
 What, at their hands, I might request,
 If in their plight I were.

6 So, though to povertie I fall,
 And, needy seem to be ;
 A quiet minde, possesse I shall,
 With full content, in thee.

And,

And, if great wealth, I, do acquire,
It will not waſt away,
Like brushie Fewell in the fire,
But, with mine *Offſpring*, ſtay.

HYMN XXXVI.

For a Souldier.

*The Souldier being taught by this Hymn, to nouriſh
in his heart, the contempt of Bodily perils is with-
all inſtructed, or put in minde to be carefull to a-
voyd the ſins uſually defiling that profession ; to
conſider the duties of his Calling, and take G O D
for his Leader aad Defence.*

Now, in my ſelf, I notice take,
What life we *Souldiers* lead,
My haire stands up, my heart doth ake,
My Soul is full of Dread ;
And, to declare
This horrid fear,
Throughout my bones, I feel
A ſhiv'ring cold,
On me lay hold,
And, run from head, to heel.
2 It is not loſſe of limbes or breath,
Which hath me ſo diſmay'd.
Nor mortall wounds, nor grones of Death,
Have made me thus aſray'd.

When

When Cannons rore,
 I flart no more,
 Then mountains, from their place,
 Nor feel I fears,
 Though swordes and speares,
 Are darted at my face.

3 A *Souldier* it would ill become,
 Such common things to feare :
 The shouts of war, the thundring drum,
 His Courage up doth cheere.
 Though dust and smoke,
 His passage choke,
 He boldly marcheth on,
 And thinketh scorn,
 His back to turn,
 Till all be lost or won.

4 The flashing Fires, the whizzing shot,
 Distemper not his wits :
 The barbed Steed, he dreadeth not,
 Nor him, who thereon sits.
 But, through the field,
 With fword and shiled,
 He cutteth forth his way,
 And, through a flood,
 Of reaking blood,
 Wades on, without dismay.

5 That, whereupon, the dread begins,
 Which, thus appaleth me,
 Is that huge troop of *crying-fins*,
 Which rise in *Souldiers* be.

The

The wicked minde,
Wherewith I finde,
Into the field they go ;
More terror hath,
Then all the wrath,
And Engines of the Foe.

6 The Rapes, the Spoiles, and A^cts unjust,
Which are in *Souldiers* rife,
Their damned Oathes, their brutish lust,
Their cursed course of life,
More dreadfull are,
When *death* draws neer,
Then *Death* it selfe can be ;
And, he that knows
The fear of thofe,
The *mouth of Hell*, doth see.

7 Defend me L O R D, from thofe misdeeds,
Which my profeſſion shame ;
And, from the veng'ance that ſucceeds,
When we are fo to blame.
Preferve me far,
From *A^cts of War* ;
Where, thou doſt *peace* command ;
And, in my breſt,
Let *mercy* reſt,
Though *Juſtice* uſe my hand.

8 Thoſe, let me willingly obey,
Who my *commanders* be.
Both with my Place, and with my pay,
Contented make thou me :

And.

And, when I goe,
 To meet my Foe,
 Let no *beloved Sin*,
 In me be found,
 To make a wound,
 Without me, or within.

9 Let me no help to thos afford,
 That have a wicked cause ;
 Nor take up Armes, but, where her fword
 Impartiall *Juſtice* draws.

Yet, as a blot,
 Impute thou not,
 The waſt of humane blood ;
 Shed by my hands,
 At their commands,
 Who muſt not be withſtood.

10 Be thou my Leader to the Field ;
 My head, in battell arme.

Be thou a brefplate and a ſhield,
 To keep my Soul from harme :
 For, live or dye,
 I will relye
 On thee, oh L O R D, alone.
 And in this truſt,
 (Though fall I muſt)
 I, cannot be undone.

H Y M N

H Y M N X X X V I I.

For a Seaman.

The Seaman is here perfonated instructing himself, by expressing the pleasures, profits, and perils of his calling ; and petitioning GOD to keep him thankfull for his deliverances, and mindfull to perorme the vows, he made in times of extream danger.

Sing this as the former.

V V E, whom affaires employed keep,
Where *mighty-waters* be,
There view the terrors of the *Deep* ;
Great wonders, there, we see.
And, in that place,
G o d s helping grace,
We tast, so many waies,
That none are bound
More oft, to found
Their dear *Protector's* praise.
2 The *barren Flood*, which *Landmen* dread,
To us, doth pleasures yield ;
And, we thereby, are cloth'd and fed,
As from a fruitfull field.
That, we, likewise,
Might rightly prize,
The blessings we receive :
We

We, ev'ry day,
 To watch and pray,
 Some, just occasions have.

3 To cheer us in our painfull trade,
 The *Sea*, sometime, doth smile :
 Strange *prospects*, there, a means are made,
 Long journyes, to beguile.

A *loftie Course*,
 As on a Horse,
 Upon the *waves* we ride ;
 And, then the wind,
 Attends behind,
 Or, lackies, by our side.

4 Sometime, again, that, heed we may
 G O D s mercies, and our sin ;
 Black stormes, the skies do overlay ;
 The Seas, to fwell begin.

The Billows roare,
 And, on the shoare,
 They Spit their *Snowie-some*
 And, perils great,
 The passage get,
 Betwixt us, and our home.

5 The raging Winds our tacklings breaks
 And rends both shrouds and failes,
 Our bruized vessell, sprinketh Leaks,
 And, then, our courage failes.
 One while, we plow
 The Sands below :
 Anon, aloft we rife,

As

As if we went,
With an intent,
To faile above the skies.

6 Opprest with dangers and with fear,
Then, loud we call on God :
Who doth vouchsafe our cries to hear,
And, calmes the raging Flood.
From death and wrack,
He plucks us back,
By his Almightie hand ;
And (having lost
Our hope, almost)
VVe, safe are brought to land.

7 For thy protections L o R d, therefore,
Still thankfull keep thou me ;
As well, when I am safe on shore,
As where great perils be.
Let me not breake,
The vows I make,
VVhile times of danger last ;
And, new begin
My Course of Sin,
Afoone as fears are past.

8 For, he who taketh no regard,
What, in distresse he vow'd ;
Shall cry at length, and not be heard,
Nor finde compassion show'd.
When, *wave* nor *storne*,
Can us reform ;
Nor *Mercy*, daily shoun ;

G O D S

Gods wrath, prepares.
Far greater fears,
To bring *presumption*, down.

HYMN XXXVIII.

For a Musician.

Many Musicians are more out of order then their Instruments: such as are so, may by singing this Ode, become reproofers of their own untuneful affections. They who are better tempered, are hereby remembred what Musick is most acceptable to God, and most profitable to themselves.

VVhat helps it those,
Who, skill in *Song* have found ;
Well, to compose
(Of disagreeing notes)
By artfull choice
A sweetly pleasing found ;
To fit their Voice,
And their melodious throats ?
What, helps it them,
That they this cunning know ;
If most condemn
The way, in which, they go ?
2 What will he gain
By touching well his *Lute*,
Who shall disdain
A grave advise to hear ?
What

Part.3. *Hymn XXXVIII.* 431

What from the sounds,
Of Organ, Fife, or Lute,
To him redounds,

Who doth no sin forbear?

A mean respect,
By tuning strings, he hath,
Who doth neglect,

A *rectified-path.*

3 Therefore, oh L o R D,
So tuned, let me be

Vnto thy word,
And, thy *ten-stringed-law,*

That in each part,
I may thereto agree;

And, feel my heart
Inspir'd, with loving awe;

He sings and plaiers,
The Songs which best thou lovest,
Who does and fayes,
The things which thou approvest.

4 Teach me the *skill,*
Of him, whose Harp affwag'd

Those passions ill,
Which oft afflicted Saul.

Teach me the strain
Which calmeth mindes enrag'd;

And, which from vain
Affections, doth recall.

So,to the Quire,
Where *Angels* musicke make,

I,

I, may aspire,
When I this life forfake.

H Y M N X X X I X.

For a husbandman.

*Vpon the Husbandmans labour the temporall well-
fare of all Common-weales depends: this Hymn
therefore, teacheth him to sanctifie his endeavours
by prayer, and thanksgiving: To seek his profit by
G O D S, blessing, and so to care for the Body,
that the Soul be not neglected.*

Sing this as the 25. Psalme.

PRevent, L O R D, by thy grace,
The curse that entred in,
And on the earth, continued was,
For Adams wilfull sin.
Let not thy Love permit
My cost, my time, or pain,
In digging, and in dressing it,
To be employ'd in vain.
2 Though thornes and bryers, be
Then natives of our fields ;
Yet, when the earth is blest by thee,
A pleasent crop it yields.
The hils rich pasture, bear ;
Deep grasse, the meads adorn ;
The trees with fruits arayed are ;
The dales are full of corn.

3 L O R D

3 Lord, that it may be so,

My honest labours blesse;

And, grant that what I *set* and *sow*,

May yeeld a due increase:

From *Vermine*, *Fouls*, and *Weeds*;

From those who *spoil* or *steal*,

Both *Plants* and *Fruits*, and *Crops*, and *Seeds*,

Preserve thou for my Weal.

4 From *blasting-Aires* defend

From *Colds*, *Heats*, *Droughs*, and *Rains*,

Which may deprive me of the end,

And, comfort of my pains.

And, let in season still,

Thy dewes, and fruitfull drops,

Vpon the thirstie clods distill,

Which else will fail my hopes.

5 What ever thou shalt give,

My labours to requite;

That, let me thankfully receive,

And, in thy love delight.

Not seeking (for my gain)

A Famine to augment;

By needleffe hording up of gain,

When hungrie times are sent.

6 And though the *Plough* and *Spade*,

Dung, *Dust*, and *Merry-clay*

Are Instruments, and Objects made,

My Body fo employ.

Yet, suffer not my Soul

Affection to beflow,

V

O

On things that are so mean, and foul,
 In fading, and so low.
 7 But, while my hands do move,
 In works that earthlie be ;
 Advance my *heart*, to things above ;
 And, fixe my *love* on thee :
 That, when my *Flesh*, must lie
 In *Earth*, from whence it came ;
 My *Soul*, may to those mansions fly,
 VVhere, *Spirits* praise thy name.

H Y M N XL.

For a Labourer.

Labouring-men have many discouragements ; and if they faint under their burthens, other will feele the weight of it. This Hymn therefore cheares them up in their painfull Calling ; and flis them up also to seek GODS blessing upon their labours.

Y_Ou that enjoy both goods and lands,
 And, are not forc'd by sweat,
 And, by the labour of your hands,
 To earn the Food you eat ;
 Give thanks for this your easie lot
 And, do not us disdain ;
 VVhose Bread, and Raiment must be got
 By taking daily pains.

z For

2 For, though our portions mean appear,
 Contentments, they procure ;
 Whereby, we still, enabled are
 Our labours to endure.
 And no man, ever those yet knew,
 In *aged yeers* forsook ;
 Who were in *youth*, to labour true,
 And *honest Courses* took.
 3 When fickneſſe or thofe wants do come,
 Wherein we comfort need ;
 G o d, alwaies moves the hearts of fome,
 Our fecret wants to heed.
 And, without shame, we then receive
 What charitie beſtows :
 Beaufe, what, at fuch times men give ;
 The *common Treasure*, owes.
 4 They, who delight from doore to doore,
 Of hunger to complain ;
 Meere want of *honestie*, made poore ;
 Or, want of *taking pain*.
 They, therefore, lack what needfull is,
 Their flesh to cloth, and feed :
 Whereas, we nothing greatly misſe ;
 But, what we do not need.
 5 *Rich men*, in this, we do ſurpaſſe ;
 To us, our labours are
 A *portion*, which in ev'ry place,
 Things needfull may prepare.
 Yea, were we rob'd of all today,
 Or, chas'd from where we dwell :

V 2

If

If we can bear our *Limbs* away,
 They will maintain us well.
 6 Make me without repining, **LORD**!
 My lot, to under-go,
 Till thou shalt larger means afford ;
 And, easie dayes beflow.
 In health, and strength, preserve thou me,
 My lively-hood to get ;
 And, when I sick or old shall be,
 Provide me, cloth and meat.
 7 Keep me, (although thou keep me poor)
 In *word*, and *action*, true :
 And, give me grace, if I have more,
 That, *loth* I may eschew.
 So, whether povertie or pain,
 Or wealth, or ease, thou send ;
 Through thee, a passage, I shall gain
 To blessings, without end.

HYMN XLI.

For a Shepherd.

That Shepherds, might not muse altogether on Drudgerie or impertinent vanities, while they are, all alone, attending their Flocks, we have prepared, for them, a Pastorall-Song, to acquaint and exercise them, with nobler Meditations.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

REnowned men their Herds to keep,
 Delighted much in elder dayes :
And

And to attend their Flocks of sheep,
Great *Princes* thought is no dispraise,

And, while they so employed were,
Sometime, oh G o d ! it pleased thee
In wondrous manner, to appear,
And, gracious unto them to be.

2 The *joyfull-news*, that ere was told,
Was unto *Shepherds*, first declar'd,
And, they did also, first behold

The bleſſing, whereof they, first, heard.
L o R d ! I am thine, as much as they,
(Although unworthy ſuch respect)
Oh, let thy *mercies*, glorious Ray,
Vpon my low-eſtate, reſlect.

3 Whilſt all alone, I here attend
This harmleſſe Flock ; let, into me
Thy *holy-Ghoſt*, oh *Chriſt* ! descend ;
That, I may therewith filled be.

And, though my heart a *Stall* hath bin,
Where, *Vice* at Rack and manger, lay ;
Vouchafe thou, to be *born*, therein :
That, better *gueſſs* poſſeſſe it may.

4 Lest *Idle-Muſings*, Thoughts beget,
That, stir up longings, which are ill ;
And, make me my endeavour ſet,
Forbidden Actions, to fulfill.

Vpon thy *Love*, and on thy *Law*,
Let me, my lovely houres, employ.
That, I may ſerve with *joyfull-awe* ;
And, love thee, with an *awfull-Joy*.

4 When I my *stragling-sheep* behold,
 Let me conceive, what I had bin ;
 Hadst thou not brought me to thy *Fold*,
 And, fed and succour'd me, therein.

And, when I well consider those,
 Who *Spoilers*, of those creatures be ;
 Me, let it mindfull make, what Foes
 Do seek, to make a spoile of me.

6 When, likewise, I behold them *shorn*,
 And, meekly yeelding up their *fleece* ;
 Or, when to *slaughter* they are born,
 How patiently, their lives they leefe :

That *holy-Lambe*, let me, I pray,
 Thereby, in thankfull minding have,
 Who, *dumbe-before the Shearer* lay ;
 And, *slaughtred* was my life to fave.

7 Yea, whilst I watch and guide my sheep ;
 Be thou my *Shepherd*, and my *Guide*,
 Both me, and them, from harm to keep ;
 And, all things needfull, to provide.

That, when both *Goats*, and *Sheep*, shall stand
 Before thy face, their doomes to bear ;
 I, may be plac'd at thy *Right-hand*,
 And, Joy when I my *Sentence* hear.

H Y M N X L I I .

For a Handicrafts man.

*All handicrafts being gifts of the holy Ghost, it
 were fit men did better know it, and more often
 praise*

praise him for it. To that end, this Hymn was devised; and, perhaps, if it were devoutly, and frequently used, Crafts-men, would be more thrifte, and lesse deceitfull, in manufactures than they now are.

1 Thy Gifts most, *holy-Spirit*, be
So great, so manifold,
That, what we have receiv'd from thee,
No language, can unfold.
The meanest *Sciences* in use,
As well as famous *Arts*,
Thy *Prudence*, did, at first produce :
And, still, to men imparts.
2 *Embroydry* thy Invention was,
(Though many think it vain)
The skill to *Grave* in steel, and brasse,
We did from thee, obtain,
For not *Bezalaels* hands, alone,
Didst thou with cunning fill ;
But, yet, instructest ev'ry one,
That is endowed with skill.
3 That little which my hand can do,
Was learned first, from thee :
Thou, first enabled me thereto ;
And, alwaies work'st with me.
My *knowledge*, more and more encrease,
Till perfect it appear :
And, let the Science I professse,
My needfull Charges bear.

V 4 4 Pre-

4 Preserve in me, an honest minde,
 That, well my work be wrought.
 For, them, whose *wares* false made, we finde,
 An *evill spir it* taught.
 It may a while encrease their store,
 But, mischiefs it will breed ;
 And, leave men both defain'd, and poore,
 In times of greatest need.
 5 For all thy *Gifts* I give thee praise,
 And, I acknowledge will,
 That, thou dost ayd me many waies,
 In my *Mechanick skill* :
 Yet, since those *Arts* vouchsafed be
 Alike, to Good and Bad ;
 Of thy more *speciall-Grace*, let me
 Partaker, Lo R D ! be made.
 6 Oh *bleffed-Spirit*, alwaies, daign,
 That, through thine ayd, I may
 The sanctifying gifts obtain,
 Which thine *Eleet* enjoy.
 Yea, though my *Works* be not so pure,
 Thy Censures to abide,
 Yet let my *Faith*, so firm endure,
 That, *Grace*, be not denide.

H Y M N X L I I I .

For a School-master or Tutor.

School-masters and Tutors, *being sometime more arrogant then learned; and more covetous then induſtrious;*

industrious ; many are much hindred thereby. By this Hymn therefore , they may be remembred to judge themselves , and to seek of G O D a due qualification, by prayer.

B Eware my heart,
Lest thou too highly deem,
Of that small art,
Which may appear in me ;
And, proud become,
As *Pedants* use to be,
Because, to some
A *knowing-man* I seem :
For, though good-lessons I have taught,
Yet, in my self, if I be naught ;
And, marre *Doctrines*, by my *Waies*,
Reproofs I merit, more then *Praise*.

2 If I presume
To know, beyond my reach ;
Or shall assume
Large pay, for flender pain :
If I neglect
Whom I am bound to teach,
Or, lesse affect
My *Dutie*, then my *gain* ;
I for thofe wrongs can make finall mends ;
Because, whoever thus offends,
Injurious is to Age, and Youth,
And guiltie of the worſt untruth.

3 My G O D, therefore,
A concience let me make ;

To boast no more
 Then well perform, I may.
 But, so well heed
 For what, reward I take ;
 That, I in *Deed*,
 May practise what I *say*.
 And, lest my labours fruit may want ;
 So water thou, what I shall plant ;
 That, from the pains which I bestow,
 Both comfort, and increase, may grow.

HYMN XLIII.

For Schollers and Pupils.

Schollers, and Pupils, are here personated illustrating the Priviledges of learning, and the basenesse of ignorance, praising God for the means of encreasing their knowledge; and praying him, to season and endow them with profitable Sciences.

Sing this as the 10. Commandements.

THough knowledge must be got with pain,
 And, seemeth bitter in the Root ;
 It brings, at last, a matchleffe gain ;
 And yeeldeth forth most pleafant fruit.
 It is the richest kinde of *trim*,
 That noble perfons can put on ;
 It *Reason* keeps, from growing dim ;
 It sets a lufstre, thereupon.

And,

And, raiſeth *Princes*, now and then,
Out of the lowest Rancks of men.

2 But, ſuch as do this *Jem* neglect,
Or, ſeek it not whilſt they are young ;
Grow old in yeers, without respect,
And, perish in the vulgar throng.

Like brutiſh beaſts, they little know,
Save how their bellies they may fill.
When others rife they ſit below,
They ſee no choice twixt *good* and *ill*.

And, that which best commands their ſtate,
Is, they repen when 'tis too late.

3 I therefore now, do ſing thy praife,
And give thee thanks, thrice *bleſſed*-L O R D,
That thou in theſe my youthfull dayes,
The means of *knowledge*, doſt afford.

Compelled many others are
(That knowing men they might become)
To pay great fums, and travel far,
For that which I may gain at home ;

Or where, ſupplyed all things are,
As well, as if at home, I were.

4 Vouchſafe me, therefore ſo much grace,
As to endeavour what I may ;
Whilſt I have *leisure*, *means*, and *ſpace*,
And *wits*, to bear this prize away.

Be pleas'd, likewife, to reaſon ſo
The knowledge, which I ſhall attain ;
That, puffed up I may not grow,
Nor fooled be, with *Science* vain.

But,

But let my chief endeavours be,
To know my *Self*, thy *will*, and *thee*.

HYMN XLV.

For young Persons.

By singing this Hymn, young persons are made reprovers of their own follies ; and taught to affect, and pray for such things as are laudable, profitable, holy, and to the glory of GOD, &c.

Youth is a wild, a wanton thing,
Which few can govern well ;
For when our Blood is in the Spring ;
Our wits are in the shell.
We up and ride,
Er'e we can guide
The Charret of our Will ;
And, thereupon
We hurry on,
Ev'n down Perditions hill.
2 When we our Friends lamenting here,
The giddy Courfe we take,
We think, that, through a *needlefe-care*,
A *causfeffe-coyle* they make.
But, when we view
That we purfue
What, shame or losfe hath brought ;
We sneaking go,

As

As fools will doe ;
And say, *We had not thought.*

3 In virtuous Actions,we are weak ;
In Vices we are strong :
We soon are tir'd,if *wisedome* speak ;
And,think *rain-tales* not long.
Left Tutors may,
Our *Wills* gainfay,
Tis now our greatest Fear :
And,to provide
For Lust and Pride,
Is most of all our care.

4 L O R D, teach me,therefore,to beleeve
What *Wisedome* doth foretell,
E're I do smart,or make them grieve,
Who truly wish me well.
Since,ev'rie day,
Behold I may,
How evill Courfes thrive ;
Let me forbear,
To flight,or Jeer,
Thofe,who *good-counfell* give.

5 Vouchsafe me grace and strength to rein
My wild and head-strong *Will*;
And all those longings to restrain,
Which tempt us into ill.
The Flowrie prime,
Of youthfull time,
Let me not vainly spend
In follow'ng Sin,

Which

Which bringeth in
Perdition without end.

6 But sanctifie unto thy praise,
My Soul and Bodie, L O R D :
And purifie my *youthfull waies*,
Through thy *all-cleansing IWord*.
That *young* and *old*,
When they behold,
Thy work of grace in me ;
May glorifie
Thy Majestie,
From whom,all blessings be.

H Y M N X L V I.

For old Persons.

It is a curse to have youthfull Affections in an aged Body ; and a great blessing it is to be wained from the world, as Youth decayes. This Hymn, therefore personates an aged Perlon rejoicing in the nearneſſe of his diſſolution, diſpifing the pleafures of Youth ; and defiring to be inweſted with immor-talitie.

Sing this, as I loved thee once.

Now,glad and happie may I be,
And carroll forth a Song of praise :
For that,so neer at hand I fee,
The wifhed harveſt of my daies,

Mine

Mine aged-years to me do shew,

What I in Youth could never view.

And *fading-Senfe* instructs me more
Then *perfect-Senses* heretofore.

2 Right blest am I, that I have past,
The perils of those youthfull times,
Which we in fruitles Follies waſt,
Or (which is worse) in hainous crimes.

From Jealous Loves, from Lustfull Foes,
From raging fits, from loose desires,
Which heretofore tormented me,
I now am hopefull to be free.

3 Oh L o R D ! vouchsafe it may be fo :
In me let youthfull Follie ceafe.
As I in years more aged grow,
Let Virtue more and more increase.

Let all my Passions me become,
And their base fondnes keep me from,
Who youthfull pleasures dote upon,
When pleasing Youth, and Strength is gon.

4 Theſe Jollie times, which most men praise,
(And forrow when they paffe away)
Increas'd my torments many waies ;
And perils in my path did lay.

Yea, but for thy *affifting-grace*,
I had bin ruin'd in that race :
And therefore, now I praise thy Name,
That I have overliv'd the same.

5 As did *Lots* wife, let not my heart
Vnto that *Sedome* of mine age.

Look

Look back, as loth it should depart,
Nor thereunto my Soul engage.

But make these times as loth'd of me,
As aged years of *Wantons* be.
That grace in me, may ev'rie day,
Increase as *Flesh* and *Blood* decay.
6 Forbid thou then, that (when I have spent
My Lust and Love to youthfull Sin)
I should make semblance to repine ;
And, other Follies then begin.

At youths escapes let me not rail,
Because, that way my strength doth fail ;
Yet, practise whil'st I them gainsay,
Worse evils in a *graver-way*.

7 Let me not change my vain *Excesse*,
Into an *over-sparing-mind*,
Nor in *Old-Age* grow mercilesse,
Because, my *Youth* was ever kind.

Nor let me love, as many do,
To make vain brags (with lying too)
Of youthfull tricks now I am old,
Which are not seemlie to be told.

8 But, such let my endeavours be,
As may my place and years beseem ;
That *Youth* may good example fee ;
And *Age* continue my esteem ;

For, when a comely part we play,
It keeps in *Age*, contempt away.
And (though but weak, our *Bodies* are)
Our *Looks* will keep strong men in fear.

9 As

9 As this my carnall-Robe growes old,
(Soil'd,rent, and worn, by length of years)
Let me, on that, by Faith, lay hold,
Which man in life immortall wears.

 So sanctifie my daies behind ;
 So let my manners be refinde ;
 That when my Soul and Flesh must part,
 There lurk no terrors in my heart,
 10 So shall my Rest be safe and sweet,
 When I am lodged in my grave ;
 And, when my Soul and Bodie meet,
 A Joifull meeting they shall have.
 Their Essence, then, shall be divine ;
 This muddie Flesh will star-like shine :
 And, G o D, shall that *fresh*- Youth restore,
 Which will abide for evermore.

H Y M N X L V I I .

For a blind Person,

To mitigate their discomforts who are deprived of Bodilie-Sight, this Hymn intimates the furtherance which that defect may be to their everlasting Felicitie ; and a spirituall Illumination is implored to supply that corporall defect.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

F Ain would I view that pleasing sight,
And lovelie splendor of the Skies,
Which

Which chears the day,adornes the night,
And gladdeth all beholders eies;

 But, since G o d pleased is, to hide
That spark of *Common-grace* from me ;
Content I am to be denide

The Gift,which may not granted be.

2 For it proceeds not still from wrath,
When G o d of thosē things doth deprive,
Which he on most conferred hath ;
And without which,diseas'd men live.

 Sometime *our Good*; sometime *his Praise*;
And many times,ev'n both of these,
Are Cause, that he upon us layes
Discomfort,Blemish,or Disease.

3 Perhaps,if I the *Light* had seen,
The way to ruine I had gone,
Or,guiltie of offence had been,
Which me ever had undone.

 Perhaps in darknes here I bide,
Because if I had light enjoy'd,
Mine *Eye* had left mine *Heart* aside,
And made my best endeavours void.

4 Whate're the cause thereof hath been,
Thou L O R D, art pleased it should be so ;
And with thy *Justice*, I have seen
Thy *Mercy*,hand in hand,to goe.

 In thy good pleasure,I therefore,
Without repining am content ;
And,will be thankfull evermore,
For whatsoever thou hast lent.

5 My .

5 My want of an *externall fight*,
With *inward-light*, supplie thou so,
That I may walk that path aright,
In which thy *Children* ought to go.
Yea, be my *Watchman*, and my *Guide*,
My *Mind* and *Body* to direct ;
That nothing lead my heart aside ;
Or injure me through this defect.

H Y M N X L V I I I.

For a Cripple.

The Cripple is here taught to comfort himselfe in his infirmities, by taking notice that Bodily Crosses may be fewerances to our spirituall performances; and pledges of Gods favour, &c.

Sing this as the L O R D S Prayer.

THough in my limbs I crippl'd am,
(Which for some works disableth me)
My Tongue as yet, is not so lame,
But that my Voice may tuned be.

In *Song* I may G O D S love advance ;
Though him I praise not in the *dance*.
2 And cause I have, to sing his praise,
Who humbled me by this defect :
For where he loves, the Rod he laies,
And all his children doth correct.

Those

Those, therefore, whom he chast'neth not,
No Children are by him begot.

3 Some *Croſſe*, all humane Flesh must bear
The *Spur*, or *Clog*, we all do need :

For flow, or else to rash we are ;
And, of our duties take no heed.

Yea, sweetest blessings we contemn,
Till ſome affliction sharpens them.

(4 G O D shrunk a ſinew in his thigh,
And ſent him halting to his grave)
Whose prai'r be did not then denie,
But, therewithall a bleſſing gave.

Oh ! if ſuch Faith were found in me,
My *Lameſſe* might a *Bleſſing* be,

5 Therefore, oh L O R D , increaſe thou fo
The little Faith which I retain ;
That, more believing I may grow,
That in thy *grace*, I may remain ;

And, that my Frailtie keep me may
From erring far out of the way.

6 Be thou my *Staffe* ; be thou my *Prop*
(As from the cradle thou haſt bin)
And ſtill maintain in me, the hope
Which I, till now have lived in.

So ſhall I miſle my *Limbs* the leſte,
And thy *free-mercy* ſtill confeſſe.

H Y M N

H Y M N X L I X.

For a Nurse.

Nurses by ill diet, distempered affections, or want of
heedfullniffe, may be hurtfull to their Nurse-Chil-
dren. Therefore, when they sing to quiet their
Nurslings, the repetition of this Song may perhaps
remember them how to order themselves, and what
care to take of their charge.

VV Hen Sampsons Mother was foretold,
What Son she in her wōb should bear;
A *Dycet*,she was taught to hold,
And warn'd whereof she would beware.

Whereby,their foll'wing good effects,
To him,who did from her proceed ;
Discretion from the fame collects,
That *Nurses* warilie should feed.

2 For though it is thy blessing, L O R D !
Which gives the temper we desire ;
Thou,thereunto do'st means afford ;
And,heedfulness in us require.
That knowledge,therefore,grant thou me,
That love,that conscience, and that care,
VVhich in those *Women* ought to be,
VVho chose for *Fosters Mothers* are.

3 Crowne

3 Crown thou my *Pains* with good successe,
That comfort therein may be found.
My *Babe* from fire,from water bleffe,
Preserve him quiet,safe and found.

Let not my *Milke*,thereto convay
Those humors,which may either bend
The *mind* unto a vicious way ;
Or else,the *Bodies* health offend.

4 But let my *Body* and my *mind*,
Be tempred still, and ord'red so ;
That helps thereby this *Childe* may find,
In virtue, and in strength to grow.

And leſt,when I my beſt have done,
From me more *Ill* then *Good*, he drawes ;
Vouchſafe *Him* grace my fins to ſhun,
And to be govern'd by thy *Lawes*.

HYMN L.

For a Almesman or Woman.

Almes-men for whom *Charitic* hath provided, have
leſure, and ſpeciall cauſe to praife **G O D** for his
loving providence : And this Hymn is prepared
to remember them, with what thankfulneſſe they
ſhould be alwaies affeſted.

Sing this as the 25. Psalme.

IT is **L O R D**, of thy grace,
That when we needie were,

Food,

Food, Rayment, and a Dwelling-place,
Thou didst for us prepare.

For when we were afraid,
Through want, opprest to be;
We had relief, and timelie-aid,
To us vouchsafed by thee :

2 When *means* nor *pow'r* we had,
Things needfull to provide;

Then Strangers were our helpers made,
And have our want supplide,
Yea, some that heretofore,
Did earn their bread with sweat;

Now labour leffe, and yet have more,
Then they were wont to eat.

3 *Warm-clothed* ev'rie day,
Well-hous'd we likewise be ;
For which we nothing are to pay,
But *hearty-thanks* to thee.

L O R D, thankfulnes is all
Which thou of us do'st crave :
And that *Rent-service* is but small,
In lieu of what we have.

4 Much better men, are fain
(And some leffe able too)
For courfest bread, to take more pain,
And oft without it go.

Sometime, when far from home
They feek their dailie hire,
Wet, cold, and hungrie, back they come ;
And find nor bread, nor fire.

5 Mean

5 Mean while at ease we bide,
 In lodgings warme and dry :
 And, others do thofe things provide,
 VVhich may our want supple.
 So that,if heed we give,
 To what we do enjoy,
 The quiet'ſt kind of life we live,
 And freest from anoy.
 6 VVe praise thee, L ORD, therefore,
 And *thee* most humblie pray,
 To keep us thankfull evermore,
 And faithfull in thy *way*.
 That in this leasure,now,
 For Heav'n we may prepare,
 And not in *Soul*,more wretched grow,
 Then we in *Body* were.
 7 Them, L ORD vouchsafe to blesse,
 By whom,thofe helps we have ;
 And let them still in *thee* posſeſſe,
 The fruit of what they gave ;
 And ſince they did befriend
 The poore in time of need ;
 Let still thy *Mercy* down descend,
 On *them*,and on their *seed*.

H Y M N

HYMN LL.

For a Rich-man.

This Hymn was composed, that it might occasion Rich-men to be more often mindfull what hindrance their wealth may be to their best happiness, the same being immoderately affected, ill gotten, or misemployed, &c.

S A i d / not causleſſe J i t hath bin,
That a man of large estate,
Doth an entrance hardlie win,
Through the bleſt coeleſtiall gate.
For as *Riſhes* do increase,
Wants abound, *Contents* are leſſe ;
Great Affaires augmenting care,
For the Soul no leaſure ſpare.
2 Leaſureleſſe iſ he did ſeem,
Who had taken but one *Farme* ;
If the purchase of one *Teem*
May occaſion ſo much harm,
As to keep away a *gueſt*,
From that great *Almighty*ies *Feaſt* ;
When at leaſure will he be,
That hath twentie *Farmes* to ſee ?
3 Rich I am ſuppos'd, oh L O R D !
By that wealth which I poſſeſſe ;

And for what thou do'it afford,

Thy free Bountie I confessie.

Yet such wants I find therein,

That I get not all I win :

And what once our *Saviour* said,

Makes my heart sometime afraid.

4 For when *wealth* exceeds the bound,

Which cloth answer our *degree*,

Shares, and *baits*, therein are found,

Whereby choaked we may be.

Yea, I find it ev'rie day,

Wooing so my heart away,

That unlesse thou keep me true,

I may bid thy love adue.

5 Therefore, L O R D, thy grace augment,

As my *Riches* are increast ;

Those insertions to prevent,

Wherewithall they may infest.

Let them nor possest my heart,

Nor afflic^t it when we part.

Nor be purchast at their cost,

Who themselves for wealth have lost.

6 Though a *Rich man* hardlie may

Find an entrance into blisse ;

Yet through *th^o* L O R D, the way,

And the passage easie is.

If we can but willing be,

'To forsake our wealth for thee,

Or beelow it on the poore :

"Twill inlarge heav'n's narrow *Doore*.

7 Let

7 Let,oh ! let me still have care,
So to husband what I have;
That I lose not what I spare,
Nor grow poore by what I fave ;
Only what I need is mine ;
All the rest,oh L O R D ! is thine ;
Which if I misuse or wast,
Must be answer'd for at last.

8 To that *Audit*,e're I come,
Let me reckon by my self,
How I *gain'd*, or *parted from*,
Ev'rie parcell of my pelfe.
Goods-mifgot let me restore ;
Wealth mispent let me deplore ;
And before I *Judgement* have,
Judge my Self; and pardon crave.

HYMN LII.

For a Poore man.

Povertie needeth Counsell and Consolation, therefore that (when it is wanting from others) Poore men may administer comfort to themselves, and be assis'ted by expressing their wants to the suffler of all necessities; this Hymn is offered unto them to be sung to that purpose.

Sing this as the 15. Psalm.

X 2

Some

SOME think there is no earthlie state,
To be abhorred more ;
Or more deserving feare or hate,
Then to be mean and poore.
Yet such a *Portion* I have got,
That I am *needy* made :
Yea, this is fallen to my Lot ;
And yet I am not sad.

2 For *Earth*, and all that therein is,
The L O R D S possessions be :
Both he is mine, and I am his,
Who hath enough for me.
The *Rich* their own *Providers* are ;
Yet fometimes they have need.
But **G O D** hath of the poore a care,
And them doth alwaies feed.

3 Though *Povertie* seem grievous may,
(And much afflieteth some)
It is the best and safest way,
Vnto the *World to come*.
For, *Poverty* in her extream,
Nor tempts, nor so perverts,
As great *Abundance* tempteth them,
Who thereon set their hearts.

4 Therefore, that ev'rie man might grow
With his estate content ;
Thy **S O N**, oh **G O D** ! this way did go,
When through this world he went.
He wealth and honour prized not.
(Though we now prize it high)

And

And *Satan*, therefore, nothing got
By tempting him thereby.

5 L O R D, though I do sometime complain,
That *outward-means* are scant,
And would assume that luggage fain,
Which I but think I want ;
Yet when I mind how poore a life,
My *Saviour* liv'd on earth ;
Wealth I condemne, and all my grief,
Is changed into mirth.

6 Let still my heart be pleased so,
What e're betide me shall:
Yea, make me (though I poorer grow)
Contented therewithall.
And, let me not be one of them,
Who (in profession poore)
Seem *Wealth* and *Pleasure* to contemn
That they may sheet the more.

That they may cheat the more.
7 The works my Calling doth propose,
Let me not idlie shun;
For, he whom Idlenesse undoes,
Is more then twice undone

If my estate enlarge I may ;
Enlarge my love to thee.
And though I more and more do

And, though I more and more decay;
Yet, let me thankfull be.

8 For, be we poore, or be we rich,
If well imploy'd we are,
It neither helps, nor hinders much,
Things needfull to prepare.

X 3 Since,

Since GOD dispofeth Riches now,
 As *Manna* heretofore,
 The feebleft gath'rer got enow,
 The strongest got no more.

9 Nor *Poverty* nor *Wealth*, is that
 Whereby we may acquire
 That blessed and moft happie state,
 Whereto we should aspire.

But if thy *Spirit* make me wife,
 And strive to do my best ;
 There may be in the worft of these,
 A means of being bleft.

10 The *Rich in Love* obtain from thee,
 Thy fpeciall gifts of grace ;
 The *poore in Spirit*, those men be
 Who fhall behold thy face.

LO RD, grant I may be one of these,
 Thus *poore*, or else thus *rich* ;
 Ev'n whether of the two, thou please,
 I care not greatly which.

HYMN LIII.

For an Inne-keeper or Taverne.

By the hearing, singing, or perusal of this Hymn, it is hoped that discreet Inne-keepers will be encouraged to continue Civilitie and good order in their Innes; and that some who have heretofore neglected the same shall be hereby provoked to be more orderly hereafter.

Sing

Sing this as the former.

Most men repute a *Common Inn*,
For ev'rie person free
To set up there a Stage, where Sin
May boldly acted be.
And when prophane and rude exceſſe,
Their prizes there may play,
The Civill Guest is welcomleſſe ;
And wished then away.

2 *Inns* were to better ends ordain'd ;
And better were employ'd :
For Virtue there was entertain'd ;
And needfull Rest enjoy'd.
Yea, though our Calling many scorn,
And brand it with disgrace,
Our *Saviour* in an *Hoſtry* born,
Hath ſanctiſide the place.

3 His Grandame *Rahab* kept an Inn ;
And bleſſed *Paul* thought fit,
His *Hoſt* ſhould have remembred him,
Ev'n in the *sacred-writ*.
There *Sanctitie* her lodging had,
With *Piety divine* ;
Their *Inns* were *holy-Chappels* made,
And fo I wiſh may mine.

4 A drunken and a prating *Hoſt*,
To Fools yeelds much delight ;
And by his wiles, their needleſſe Coſt,
Is doubled ev'rie night.

X 4

But,

But, *him*, that is discreet and grave,
 A better Lot attends.

He, Credit, health, and wealth shall have ;
 Good Goods, and heartie friends.

5 For, when a *Sober-Guest* shall come
 Abode with such, to make ;
 He knows he may, as if at home,
 His ease, in safetie take.

But, on the former, if he light,
 (Misstrusing dangers, there)
 He hides his purse, and all the night,
 Doth wake, or sleep, in feare.

6 Discretion, L O R D ! vouchsafe thou me,
 My Calling, so to use,
 That, I, by none may injur'd be ;
 Nor, any, me abuse.

Yea, let mine *Inne* a Schoole be made,
 To teach (without offence)
 Those Guests, that evill manners had ;
 To go more civil, thence.

7 And, though I cannot all prevent,
 Which Guests may there misdo ;
 Yet, neither let me shew consent,
 Nor liking, thereunto.

Let me, for no advantage, make
 A brothell, of mine *Inne* :
 Nor, by connivancie, partake
 In any wilfull Sin.

8 So, at mine *Inne* thy blessed *Son*
 His Lodging L O R D, shall take ;
 And,

And, there, (much more then I have done)
Him, welcome I will make.
For, not a *Stable*, but my *breast*,
Shall be his lodging Roome.
And, mine own *heart*, to give him rest,
A *pallet*, shall become.

HYMN LIII.

For, Taylors, Millers, and Weavers.

Most men of these Trades, are either greatly slandered, or very guiltie of deceit and falsehood: Therefore, that such as be faultie may reprove themselves; and, that such as are innocent may be cherished in their honesty; this Hymn was composed.

Sing this as the former.

IT is too much, that, in my heart,
Corruptions I retain,
Which make me from those waies depart,
 Wherein, I shoud remain.
Yet, in my *Calling*; Stumblings are
 By other men efpide,
Whereof, unlesse I can beware,
 I, foon may fwarve afide.
2 Occasions of a *shamefull sin*,
 Are offred, ev'ry day.
And, few of us have backward bin,
 To put the fame away.

X 5 Long

Long custome, doth in most beget
Opinion and belief.

That 'tis no fault, or else not great,
To be a *daily Thief*.

3 The Devill finds excuses out,
Which being used long,
Perswade us to become in doubt,
If *thieving* be a wrong.

And at the length, so impudent,
It causeth us to grow ;

That we do fearleslie assent
To act what ill we know.

From this degree of guiltinesse,
Preferred let me be ;
From Sins by *custome* seeming lesse,
Oh L O R D deliver me.

If I be good no *trade* so bad,
But yeelds an honest gain :

And him that's naught, no course or trade,
Will honestlie maintain.

4 If love to Goodnes move me not
Vprightly still to deal ;

Make me observe their *Lowfie-lot*,
Who use to filch and steal :

For they are beggers in the end ;
Or if they wealth obtain,

On lust and pride, their children spend,
What they by *thieving* gain :

6 For love of Righteousnes therefore,
Let me be still upright.

And,

And though I still continue poore,
In *Truth* let me delight.
So shall to me my *Trade*, become
A *Calling* without blame :
And though it be abus'd by some,
Shall never bring me shame.

HYMN LV.

For Shrieves, Baylies, Sergeants, &c.

Some of these Officers may perhaps become better in their condition, and prevent some scandals (which they are lyable unto) if they otherwhile remember themselves of their duties by the repetition of this, or the like Meditation.

Sing this as the former.

What ever Equitie commands,
To punish things middone,
Hath execution by our hands,
By whomsoe're begun.
We are that *Arme*, whereby the *Law*
Doth hold on sinners lay :
And few thereof would stand in awe ;
If we were took away.
2 To Death, to torments, or to thrall,
We do *Offenders* bear :

And

And why such things on them befall,
We oft confess'd here.

Yet otherwhile, our conscience may
(While we perform our part)

To us in secret truly say,
Their doom is our desart.

3 If we therefore, who often view
What *Sin* on *Sinners* drawes;

And are the men who do pursue,
The sentence of the *Lawes*;

If we our dangers will not see,
By what on others lights;

The greater will *G O D s* vengeance be,
When he in anger smites.

4 L O R D, so inspire my heart with grace
Reform, renew me so;

That with *good conscience* in my place,
My duties I may do.

From being partiallie inclinde,
For gain, for love, or fear;

From harshnes where I may be kind,
Preserve me ever clear.

5 So when to call me to my doom,
Thy *Sergeant* thou shalt send;

I need not be afraid to come,
But gladlie thither wend.

For though no *Rightcousnes* of mine,
Thy Censure may abide:

It being vailed ore, by thine
I fafelie may be tride.

H Y M N

HYMN LVI.

For a Jayler.

Jaylors have at one Time or other, men of all estates and conditions in their custodly, as well good as bad ; Therefore, it is not impertinent to encrease the means whereby they may be made or preserved honest and mercifull men ; which may be somewhat furthered, by this Meditation.

Sing this as the X. Commandements.

THOUGH, we have got an *evill-name*,
And, *cruell-men* reputed are ;
We may not be so much to blame,
As, to the *vulgar*, we appear.

With such as have not well been taught,
We chiefly deal ; and, such as they
On us, an *Ill-report*, have brought ;
Which, will not soone be blown away.
2 If we be kinde, to such as these ;
They, for our *kindnesse*, us undo :
If then, we give them *little-ease*,
They, rail at us, for doing so.

And, most, who their just suffring see,
(Misjudging that, which they perceive)
Suppose us *mercilesse* to be ;
When, better things, they should beleeve.
3 The *Common-wealth* doth alwaies need
That service, which it calls us to,

And

And, many mischieves would succeed,
Should all men, unrestrained go.

Good-men, have this way, been employ'd :
And, by the tender hearts, of such,
Good-men, have, likewise, ease enjoy'd ;
And, comforts, which they needed much.

4 Yea, though fooles count it, no disgrace
Offenders, thus, to keep in hold ;
An *Office*, of that *Trust*, it was,
And honourable, thought of old.

And, if we be not *men of trust*,
To whom, such places, now, belong :
They, who conferr them, are unjust ;
And, much, the *Common-wealth*, may wrong.

5 When *Joseph* was in prison bound,
(Though great he were, who laid him there)
He, kindnesse in the *Jayler*, found ;
Because, he guiltlesse did appear.

Yea, many blessed *Saints* of G o d,
When they by *Tyrants* were opprest ;
(And no compassion found abroad)
Found mercy, in a *Jaylers* breast.

6 Oh L o R D ! let mercy never faile
Within my heart, a place to finde.
Though I be Keeper of a *Jayle*,
Yet, let me keep, an *honest-minde*.

Discretion give me, to perceive
What men, I strictly should restrain :
And, when I libertie may give,
Yet, in my place, upright remain.

7 Keep

7 Keep me, for evermore, a friend
To thofe, that are sincerely thine ;
And, thy compassion, L o R D ! extend
In life, and death ; to *me*, and *mine*.

And, let my *Servants*, all, I pray
Be *faithfull-Servants* unto thee :
That, at the great *Affizes-day* ;
I, and my houſhold, fav'd may be.

H Y M N L V I I .

For a Prisoner.

Men in Affliction are ſomewhat eafed when they can finde words whereby to exprefſe their ſufferings ; To help them who want expreſſion of their endurance, in imprisonment ; and, to remember prisoners, of ſuch Meditations as are pertinent to their condition, is the intent of this Hymn.

I, Whom of late
No thralldome did moleſt ;
Of that estate,
am, wholly, diſpoſeſt.
My feet, once free,
Are, ſtrictly now confin'd ;
Which, breeds in me,
A diſcontented mind.
2 Thoſe proſpects faire,
Which I was wont to have ;
That

That wholesome aire,
Which fields and medows, gave ;

Are changed, now,
For close unpleasent cells :

Where *secret-woe*,
And, *open-sorrow*, dwels.

3 Instead of *Strains*,
Delightfull to mine eare,
Gives, bolts and Chains
Are all my musick, here :
And, er'e I get
Those things, for which I pay,
I must entreat,
With patience, in delay.

4 To feed, or sleep,
To work, or take mine ease ;
I, now, must keep
Such houres, as others please.
To make me fad,
Complaints are likewise heard ;
And often made,
Of wrongs, without regard.

5 Lo RD ! as I ought,
My freedome had I us'd ;
Of this, (no doubt)
I might have been excus'd.
But, I confess,
The merit of my sin,
Deserves no leffe,
Then hath inflicted bin.

6 Let

6 Let not, oh G o d !
 My fin, thine anger move :
But, let this Rod,
 Correct my faults in love.
With patient minde,
 Let me thy stripes endure ;
And, freedome finde,
 When they have wrought their cure.
7 Whilſt, here, I bide
 (Though I unworthy be)
Do thou provide
 All needfull things, for me.
And, though friends grow
 Vnkinde, in my distresse ;
Yet, leave not thou
 Thy fervant, comfortleſſe.
8 So, though in thrall
 My body must remain ;
In minde, I shall
 Some freedome, ſtill, retain.
And, wifer made
 By this restraint, ſhall be,
Then, if I had
 Vntill my death, been free.

H Y M N L V I I I.

For a Prisoner condemned.

*I have often obſerved that prisoners condemned,
for want of good counſell, have ill ſpent the ſhort
time*

time affigned them to live ; otherwhile in a desperate Jollitie ; and otherwhile in excessive discomfort ; therefore, this Hymn is offered as a help to settle, and prepare their mindes for death.

Sing this, as, VVe praise thee G O D.

Now, I perceive a G O D there is
That searcheth out my wayes ;
And that whenere I do amisse,
His eye the same survayes.
Yea, now, I know, he knows that thing
Which I thought known of none :
And, can to light those actions bring,
Which are in darknesse done.
2 As thou, oh L O R D ! haſt found me out,
So, let me finde out *thee* :
That, of thy grace, I may not doubt,
Though graceleſſe yet I be.
And, to the Crosſe, though I was brought,
Ere I my Guilt could rue ;
Since, now, thy *mercy*, is besought,
To me, thy *Mercy* shew :
Touch thou my heart with true remorſe,
For what, I have misdone :
That, it may truly hate the Course,
Which I till now have run.
And, let, oh L O R D ! ſome recompence
From thy free hand, be daign'd ;
To all, who have, by my offence,
Wrong, loſſe, or grief, fufain'd.

4 Let

4 Let not the horror of my fact,
 My guiltie Soul oppresse ;
Nor fear, nor hope, my minde distract ;
 Nor sorrow, me oppresse.
But, let me with, true penitence,
 Before thy throne repaire ;
Emploring grace, for my offence,
 With fasting, and with pray'r.
5 And, though the *Sinners way*, I trod,
 Whilst I had freedome here ;
Let, unto me, in death, oh G o d !
 The *Gate of Life*, appear ;
That, when the *Law* shall stop my breath,
 As *Justice* doth decree,
I, through the dreadfull *shades of Death*,
 May finde, a *path* to thee.

H Y M N L I X.

For a Prisoner at the place of
Execution.

It is usuall for Prisoners brought to suffer for death, to Sing at the place of their execution, that they may tyfifie their hope of a joyfull Resurrection ; and of mercy in the world to come ; in the expression of which hope, this Hymn affieth, and intimateth with what Meditations, they should be exercized at their suffering.

Sing

Sing this as the former.

VVhen *Achan* for his lawleffe-prize,
 A censure shoulde receive,
 His pious Judge, did him advize,
 To G o D, the prafe to give.
 For, when our fins we do confeffe,
 We make his *Justice* known ;
 And, prafe the wayes of *Righteousneſſe*,
 By blaming of our own.

2 L o R D ! I have well deferv'd the doom,
 By which condemn'd I am :
 And, to this place, I now am come,
 To ſuffer for the fame :
 In hope, through my firme faith in thee,
 And for thy mercies caufe ;
 That, this, ſhall my *laſt ſuffering*, be
 For breaking of thy *laws*.

3 Behold not L o R D ! behold, thou not
 With Countenance auſteer,
 The Crimes, which do my Soul beſpot,
 And fill my heart with fear :
 But, ſince I have repented them ;
 Since, I, in thee beleeve ;
 And do likewife my ſelf condemn,
 Do thou oh L o R D ! forgive.

4 Though with disgrace, caſt forth I am,
 And, thrust from *living-men* ;
 L o R D ! Let me not appear with shame,
 When I appear, agen.

Yea,

Yea, though this *way*, to thee I come,
And, have my *Lot* mispent,
Thy *walfull-Childe*, receive thou home ;
Since, he doth now repent.

5 Them comfort who are fild with grief,
This *end* of mine to see.
Let my sad fall, and my lewd life,
To others, warnings be.

Oh ! let all those, who see me clime
This *mountain of disgrace*,
Amend their lives whilst they have time,
And, Vertues path embrace.

6 Once more, I, for my self, oh L O R D !
Of thee do humbly crave,
That, thou the mercy wouldst afford,
Which, now, I seek to have.

But, longer why do I delay
This bitter Cup to drink ?
Thou knowest L o R D ! what I would say ;
Thou knowst what I can think.

7 My heart speaks more then words expresse,
And, *thoughts*, the language be,
By which the sinner, in distresse,
Speaks loudest unto thee.

The *world*, therefore, thus, turning from ;
Of her, I take my leave :
And, L o R D ! to thee ; to thee I come ;
My *Spirit*, now, receive.

HYMN LX.

For a Poet.

Poets are prophets ; not only in the vulgar accepti-
on, among humane Authors, but so called also
by Saint Paul, Tit. 1. 12. By this Hymn there-
fore, such Poets as are not past grace, may be
remembered to exercise their facultie to that end, for
which it was given unto them, by G O D.

BY *Art,a Poet* is not made.
For(though by Art,some better'd be)
Immediatlie his gift he had
From thee,oh *G o d* ! from none but thee.
And fitted in the wombe he was,
To be (by what thou did'st infspire)
In extraordinarie place,
A *Chaplain* of this *Lower-Quire*.
Most *Poets* future things declare ;
And *Prophets* (true or false) they are.
2 They who with meeknes,entertain
And,with an humble Soul,admit
Those *Rapturies*,which thy grace doth daign,
Become,for thy true service fit.
And,though the *scapes* which we condemn,
In these may otherwhile be found ;
Thy

Thy *Secrets* thou revealeſt by them,
And mak'ſt their tonguesthy praiſe to found.

Such *Mofes* was ; ſuch *David* prov'd ;
Men famous, holy, and belov'd.

3 And, ſuch (though lower in degree)
Are ſome, who live among us yet ;
And, they with truth inspired be,
By muſing on thy *holy-Writ*.

In *Ordinarie*, ſome of thoſe,
Vpon thy *ſervice* do attend ;
Divulging forth in *holy-Profeſe*,
The *Meſſages* which thou doſt ſend :

And ſome of theſe, thy *Truths* display ;
Not in an ordinarie way.

4 But where this *Gift* puffs up with pride,
The *Devill* enters in thereby ;
And through the fame, doth means provide,
To raiſe his own *Inventions* high.

Blafphemous-Fancies are infus'd ;
All *holy new-things* are expel'd.
He that hath moſt prophanelie muz'd,
Is fam'd, as having moſt excel'd ;

And thoſe are *Priests* and *Prophets* made
To him, from whom their *Strains* they had.

5 Such were thoſe *Poets*, who of old,
To *heathen GODS*, their *Hymns* did frame ;
Or have *blafphemous-Fables* told,
To *Truths* abuse, and *Virtues* blame.

Such are theſe *Poets*, in theſe daies,
Who vent the fumes of *Luft* and *Wine* :

Then

Then, crown each othersheads, with Bayes ;
As if their *Poems*, were divine.

And, such, (though they some *Truths* foresee)
False-hearted, and *false prophets* be.

6 Therefore, since I reputed am
Among these few, on whom the times,
Impos'd have, a *Poets* name ;
L O R D ! give me grace to shun their crimes :
My precious *gift*, let me employ
Not (as imprudent *Poets* use)

That *Grace*, and *Vertue*, to destroy,
Which I should strengthen, by my *Muse* :

But help to free them of the wrongs,
Sustain'd by *Drunkards* Rymes, and Songs.

7 Yea, whilst thou shalt prolong my dayes,
L O R D, all the musings of my heart,
To be advancements of thy praise,
And, to the *publique-weal*, convert :
That, when to dust I must return,
It may not justly be my thought,
That, to a *blessing*, I was born,
Which by abuse, a *Curse* hath brought.
But, let my, conscience, truly say,
My Soul in peace departs away.

H Y M N

HYMN LXI.

For them who intend to settle in *Virginia, New-England, or the like places.*

Many depart every yeare from this Ile, to settle in
Virginia, New-England, and other parts of
America, whose happiness I heartily desire ; and
whose contented well-being in those places, might
perhaps be somewhat furthered by such Medita-
tions as these : And therefore, to those who please
to accept thereof, I have recommended my love in
this Hymn.

Sing this as, We praise thee G o d.

Thou hast inclined my *Desire* ;
Then grant *performance* too.

3 From old acquaintance, from my kin,
And from my native home,
My life anew, here to begin,
I by thy leave am come :
And now, the place of my abode,
Appeareth unto me
Another World ; yet here oh GOD !
My GOD thou still shalt be.

4 This *Land* is thine, as well as that,
From which I lately came :
Thy holy *Word* this Light begat ;
The Heav'ns are here the same.
Sun, Moon, and Stars, as well as there,
The Seasons do renew :
The *Vapors* drop their fatnes here ;
And thy refreshing dew.

5 Oh ! let the *Son* of *Righteousnes*,
Thy *Truth*, and *Grace* divine,
Within this *uncouth Wildernes*
With brightnes also shine.
That we and they whom here we find,
May live together so,
That one in *Faith*, and one in *mind*,
We by thy Grace may grow.

6 Since to that place, we seem as dead,
From whence we be remov'd ;
The Follies which with us were bred,
The Sins which there we lov'd ;

Here

Here,let us bury on the shore ;
That they may not be feen,
And learn'd by thosethat heretofore,
So wicked have not been.

7 But innocent,oh L o R d, and wife,
Let our Demeanors be ;
That they,whose rudenesse we despise,
No ill example fee.

But,taught aswell by *Deed*,as *Word*,
So let their Good be fought,
That they may *Room* to us afford,
As due for what we brought.

8 And let the *Place*,from whence we came,
To us be fill fo dear ;
That we nor injure,nor defame
Church,Prince,or People there.

But let us passe our Censures now,
Vpon our selves alone ;
And,by our Conversation,show
What best is to be done.

9 Make us contented with that *Lot*,
To which we now are brought.
Let that which may not here be got,
A needles thing be thought.

For this he may suppose with ease,
Who by the *Natives* heeds,
With how few things their mindsthey please,
How little *Nature* needs.

10 Let all our *Labours* be for *Life* ;
Our *Life* unto thy *Praise* ;

Y 2

No

Not needlefly augmenting Grief,
 Or Paine, by vain Affaies.
 That though our *Trash*, be not so much,
 As other Countries have,
 We may in *Graces*, be as rich,
 And inwardly, as brave.
 11 So when the course of *Time* is run,
 And, G o d shall gather all
 That liv'd betwixt the rising-Sun,
 And Places of his fall ;
 Our friends that farthest from us are,
 Shall meet with Joy again ;
 And they and we, who now are here,
 Together still remain.

HYMN LXII.

The Authors Hymn for himselfe.

*He praiseth GOD for converting his many troubles
 and afflictions to his advantage; desiring those Me-
 ditations may not be profaned by his failings; but
 that he may live so in this life, that he may be ad-
 mitted to the Quire of Angels in the life to come.*

Great Almighty King of Heav'n !
 And one-G O D, in Persons-three;
 Honour, Praife, and Thanks be giv'n,
 Now, and evermore to thee.

Who

Who hast more for thine prepar'd,
Then by words can be declar'd.

2 By thy Mercies I was taken
From the pits of mirie clay ;
Wherein,wretched and forsaken,
Helples,hopeles,too I lay.

And, those comforts thou didst give me,
Wherof no man can deprive me.

3 By thy grace, the Passions, troubles.
And what most my heart opprest,
Have appear'd as aerie bubbles,
Dreams or fuff'lings but in jest :

And with profit that hath ended,
Which my Foes for harm intended.

4 Those afflictions, and those terrors,
Which did Plagues at first appear ;
Did but shew me what mine errors,
And mine imperfections were.

But they wretched could not make me ;
Nor from thy Affection shake me.

5 Therefore, as thy blessed *Psalmist*,
When his warfares had an end,
(And his dayes were at the calmest)
Psalmes, and Hymns of Praies pend;

So my rest, by thee enjoy'd,
To thy Praife I have employ'd.

6 L O R D, accept my poore endeavour ;
And assist thy *Servant* fo,
In well-doing to persever,
That more perfect I may grow ;

Ev'ry day more prudent, meeker,
And of thee a *Faithfull-seeker*.
Let no passed sin or folly,
Nor future fault in me
Make unfruitfull or unholie,
What I offer now to thee :
But with favour and compassion,
Cure and cover each transgression.
8 And with *Ij'r'l's Royall Singer*,
Teach me fo *Faith's* Hymns to sing ;
So thy ten string'd *Law*, to finger ;
And such musick thence to bring,
That by Grace I may aspire,
To thy blessed *Angell-Quire*.

Although my *Muse* flies yet far short of those,
Who perfect H A L L E V I A H S can compose:
Here to affirme, I am not now afraid,
What once (in part) a Heathen *Prophet* said,
With sleighter warrant (when to end was brought
What he for meaner purposes had wrought.)

*The work is finisht'd, which nor humane pow'r,
Nor Flames, nor Time, nor Envy shall devour.
But with Devotion, to G O D S praise be sung,
As long as Britan speaks her English-tongue,
Or, shall that Christian-Saving-Faith profess,
Which will preferre these Iles in happiness,
And (if Conjectures faile not) some that speak
In other Languages, shall notice take
Of what my humble Musings have compos'd ;
And by these Helps more often be dispos'd
To celebrate his Praises in their Songs ;
To whom all Honour, and all Praife belongs.*

A Table of the severall *Hymns*
 contained in the first part consisting of
 Occasionall *Hymns*, the first
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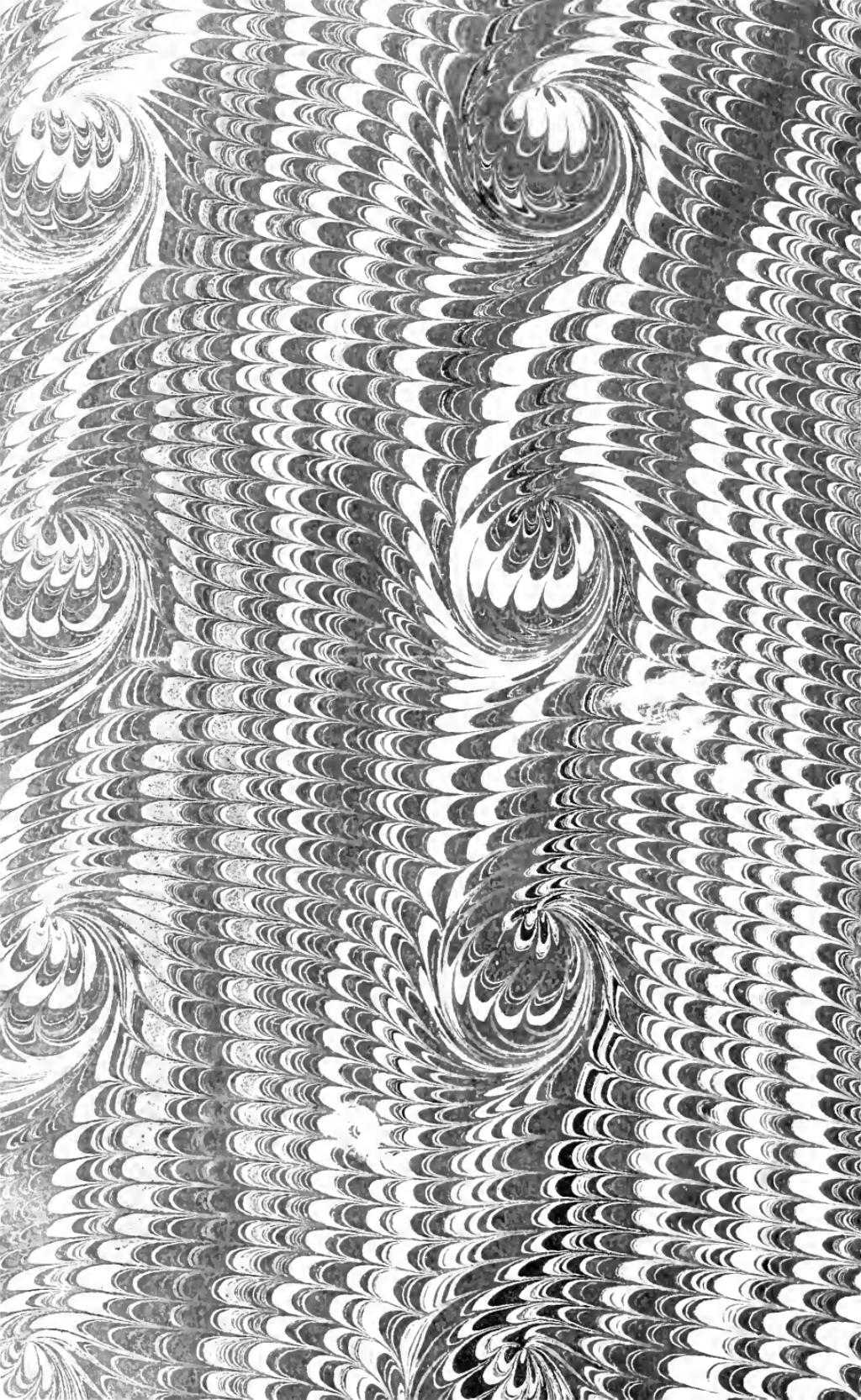
F I N I S.

Mart. 13.

1640.

Imprimatur.

Tho. Wykes.





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